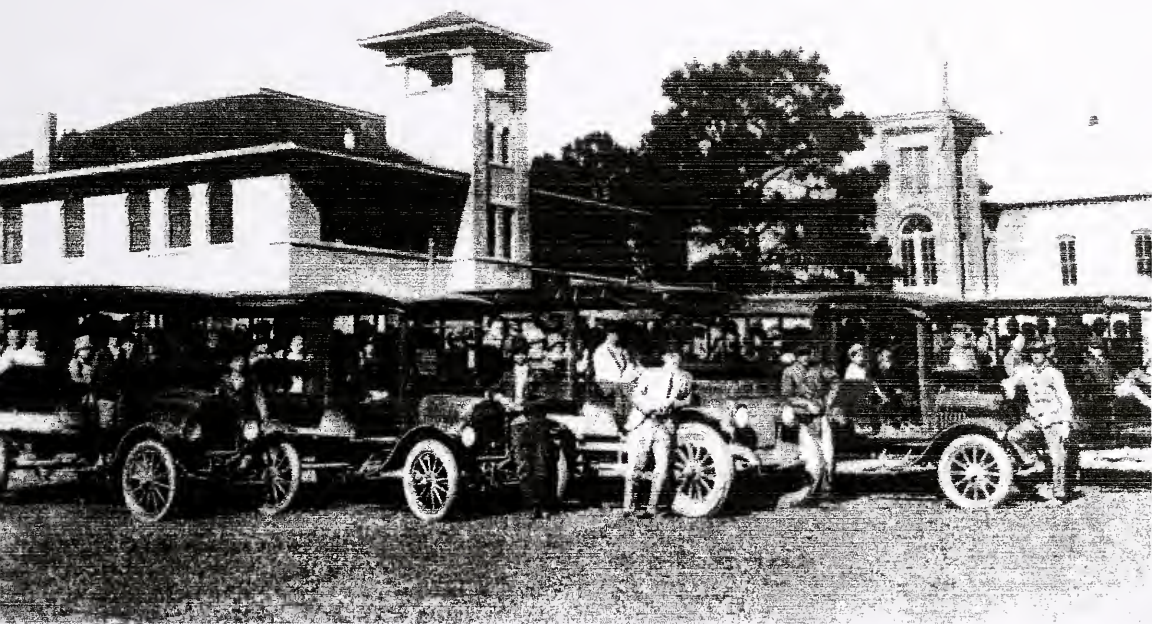


ALACHUA HIGH SCHOOL

Building on right
was torn down
in 1932. Tower
on building on
left held the bell
used at reunions.



1895 - 1956



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INTRODUCTION

The goal of this notebook is to create a "Window" on a period of time that has passed which can only be recaptured through our memories. We invite everyone to help develop a "Picture" of life as we knew it. A time when a man's word was his bond and truth and honesty were the expected norm. A time before the advent of computers, cellphones or more than one car per family. Remember a time when you knew all your neighbors and they knew who you belonged to and the consequences of any infraction of the "Rules of acceptable behavior" of that time and place.

It is our wish that this notebook will become that "Window" into that time and place. We feel that if we don't record your thoughts and memories now this history will be lost forever. Within these pages you will find the memories of many of your classmates which we hope you will read with pleasure. If, by any chance, their words bring back memories that you would like to share, please feel free to write them down and send them to Kent Doke.

We have included as many pictures and biographies from previous years as possible. We want this notebook to serve as your permanent program book for future reunions. Every year of the reunion there will be updates and, we hope, new memories which will be handed out for you to include in your notebook.

Many thanks to all who have already shared their pictures and memories this year. It is our wish that you will want to keep this book and that it will become a treasured keepsake.

ALACHUA HIGH REUNION

APRIL 10, 2010

SOCIAL TIME: 11:00 - 12:30 PM

CALL TO ORDER: 12:30 PM - Kent Doke - Class of '49

WELCOME: J.T. Kirby - Class of '47

INVOCATION: Rev. Wescoat Holloway - Class of '54

BUFFET LUNCH

CALL TO ORDER

RECOGNITION: Mrs. Evelena Cates

RECOGNITION: Former Teachers

RECOGNITION: Former Students - Please stand as your class
is called

SPECIAL RECOGNITIONS:

Comments on notebooks, Future Meetings, etc.

ADJOURN

Alachua High School History

From the 2000 Reunion Program

After Florida was ceded from Spain to the U.S. Government in 1819, it came under the military control of the U.S. Congress and the Florida Territorial Government was formed. With the assurance of protection from the U.S. Government, scattered settlers, many from adjoining states, converged on the old pioneer village of Newnansville. In 1828 it became the county seat and in 1835 the Government erected Fort Gilleland there. Newnansville was the most important inland town in Florida.

When Florida became a state in 1845, population continued to flow rapidly into the area because of the fertile soil and good climate. This growth continued for the next forty years. However, by the year 1890 it was evident that the growth in the old pioneer village was beginning to shift to the southwest where a new community named Alachua was beginning.

The removal of the county courthouse from Newnansville to Gainesville and the coming of the Santa Fe & Western Railway to an area one and one half miles from Newnansville led to the demise of what had once been a thriving pioneer community.

A railroad station was erected alongside the tracks and the postmaster gave the station the name, "Alachua". It is believed that the name came from an old Indian word meaning "Big jug without a bottom". With many of the settlers moving from Newnansville into Alachua a decision was made to close both the Methodist Church and the school at the Newnansville community.

A school house was built in Alachua in 1895 on South Main Street on the site where the present Alltel Telephone building is located. That building met the needs of the community for only a short time. In 1899 construction began on a new schoolhouse to be located on a

four acre site on the hill where the Alachua Elementary School is now located. This three classroom building with an auditorium on the second floor was the first brick school building in Alachua county. It was dedicated on February 22, 1901 by state and county officials. Later a two story wing was added to accommodate more students when Newnansville school closed May 3, 1904. Alachua then became an eight teacher school. In the years that followed schools from the communities of Haynsworth, Greenleaf, Hague, Gracy, Perseverance, Spring Hill, Santa Fe, Bland and LaCrosse were sequentially consolidated into the Alachua school.

On June 10, 1916, a delegation asked the county school board to sell bonds amounting to \$15,000.00 to repair the existing building and build a new high school. On July 28th of that year the board agreed to this plan and began a new two story brick building costing \$12,600.00. The new building was completed a year later and served as a high school building for 38 years. The two story agriculture and home economics building was built in 1934.

In 1955 the high schools of Alachua and High Springs were consolidated into Santa Fe High School and the site became the Alachua Elementary School. In 1969 - 70 the three buildings were razed and a new facility built. This was the third school plant in a 70 year period to occupy the same location.

The 1917 two story brick building is the one remembered by most Alachua High School graduates as their high school building.

High School, Alachua, Fla.



ALACHUA SCHOOL PRINCIPALS 1895-1956

J. C. Shifffield	1895-1897
Honor Pardee	1897-1898
J. F. Futch	1898-99, 1900-01, 1902-03
J. H. Coffey	1899-1900
L. H. Merchant	1901-1902
M. H. Delands	1904-1905
W. H. Cassels	1905-1908
Frank Anderson	1908-1909
E. R. Poppell	1910-1911
E. H. Collier	1911-1912
M. M. Bryant	1912-1917
H. G. Robinson	1917-1918
LaFayette Golden	1918-1922
H. C. Johnson	1922-1924
J. C. Brown	1924-1925
M. O. Worthington	1925-30, 1930-31, 1934-36
H. L. Rockwood	1930-1931
A. R. Marrow	1931-1934
Sidney Padgett	1936-1941
C. Aubrey Smith	1941-1942
John E. Davis	1942-44
J. Donald Cates	1944-1955
L. B. Lindsey	1955-1956

CD

ALACHUA HIGH SCHOOL

Alachua, Florida

Picture was taken sometime in the early 1900s. The building on the right was torn down around 1932 and the building that we knew as the high school was torn down in 1970. Note the open school buses.

Early History of Alachua

From the 2002 Reunion Program

Just as the Bellamy Road added to the importance of Newnansville the loss of the county seat in 1865 and the coming of the railroad to the south heralded its demise. In an interview of Mr. Barnard (Barney) Cato when he was 96 for the High Springs Herald, Mr. Cato told of his father having a fresh meat market in Newnansville before Alachua existed. At that time the old county courthouse was used as a schoolhouse and the top floor was the Masonic Lodge.

Alachua's first store was opened by C.A. Williams in 1885 with his brothers F.E. and J.R. Williams. The Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad with a station named Alachua was completed in 1885. The Alachua Post Office opened April 30, 1887.

A schoolhouse was built in Alachua in 1895 on the site where the present Alltel telephone building is located. The first brick building in Alachua was erected in 1898 and by 1903 many more brick buildings were going up. In 1899 construction began on a new school building located on a four acre site on the hill where the Alachua Elementary School is now located. This three classroom building with an auditorium on the second floor was the first brick school building in Alachua county; it was dedicated on February 22, 1901. Later a two story wing was added to accommodate more students when the Newnansville school closed on May 3, 1904.

The railroad missed Newnansville because of the easier rail construction and travel for trains as compared to the hills in Newnansville area.

By 1905 Alachua had a population of 526 and by 1912 it had three hotels; The Sheffield, Transient House and a second Transient House. By 1914 there were two banks, three hotels, a number of stores, including one large well stocked department store, an ice

plant, waterworks plant, two cotton gins, two grist mills and a bottling plant. Electricity cost \$1.00 per month for the first 300 watts and \$1.25 for 300 to 500 watts. Water was \$1.00 per month for the first opening and \$.25 for each additional opening.

The first graduating class was two boys and a girl that graduated in 1915. The school grew and in 1924 the basketball team upset the sports world when they defeated Duval High of Jacksonville in the state tournament.

Bill Ennis moved to Alachua in 1923 and helped his father open Ennis Motor Company. When they came the town had about 800 residents. The streets were lined with large oaks and US 441 ran straight through town turning at the south end to go out by Copeland Sausage Company. Bill remembered eating at the Hawkins House operated by the Skirvin Family where everyone sat at one big table and paid \$1.00 for all you could eat. The city furnished electricity and only turned it on from 5:00 pm to 10:00 pm. The wagons didn't stop coming suddenly but slowly dwindled to a trickle with the advent of the Model T. Ford and then the Model A. Then Ford came out with the V-8 engine, which became the favorite of the bootleggers. By 1940 a horse and buggy or a mule drawn wagon was seldom seen.

The old two story school building built in 1889 - 1901 was torn down in 1933 and in its place was a long one story building that housed all grades one through six, with an auditorium large enough to seat all the students one through twelve. On July 28, 1916, the Alachua County School Board voted to build a new two story building just west of the existing building at a cost of \$12,600.00. This new building was completed in 1917 and served as a high school for thirty years. This is the one we all remember as Alachua High School.

Tom Sawyer-Ville a.k.a.
Alachua, Florida 1934 - 44
By H.J. Waters

The Leland R. Waters family moved to Alachua, Fla. in 1934. My dad was the Seaboard Air Line Railroad Co. (SAL) Agent. (Now CSX) He handled the freight being shipped on the railroad and held it for the customer. He also sold tickets to ride the train to Wiliford, Bell, Curtis and Wannee to the west of Alachua, and to LaCross, Brooker, Sampson City, and Starke to the east of Alachua. Starke, Fl. was the beginning of this branch line, and Wannee was the end. There was a Y on the banks of the Suwannee River to turn the train around.

My Uncle Charlie, the C.L. Waters family, was the agent at the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad (ACL) across the street, both depots were on the south end of town. The ACL was a main line railroad connecting Jacksonville, Fla. to Tampa, Fla. Only the ACL (CSX) remains in existence. The ACL had another mainline railroad on the north end of town. It connected Valdosta, Ga. to Palatka, Fla. It carried freight only.

U.S. Highway 441 ran through Alachua on main street; the bypass and overpass was not built until the forties. A Greyhound bus line provided passenger and freight service to Alachua. It is no longer being served. During the thirties the town's population was about 700 -800. It was a small farming community with very little industry. It did have a blacksmith shop owned by Warner Mott from Hague. There was a livery stable in the middle of town run by Dewitt Hague. Formerly there had been a big cotton farming operation in the area supporting two cotton gins. One gin was in the middle of town on a spur railroad track of the SAL and one on the south end of town on SAL's mainline. However, the boll weevil destroyed the cotton growing and the gins closed. The stock market crash and the following depression brought hard times to Alachua. In

general, however, because the "Main stay" of the economy of the community was farming, the area did not suffer as much as other areas.

Saturday was the big day of the week. Little happened during the week; school, church, gardening, cleaning yards and a few social club meetings. Saturday, Alachua burst into activity. All the country folk came to town to buy all their supplies for the farm. There was visiting with friends, getting haircuts and other amenities of life that you hadn't done in weeks or months. The Lions Club sponsored a movie in the evening on an empty lot in the middle of town. There was activity from 10 AM until 10 PM. Most businesses closed at 5 - 6 O'clock, but grocery stores stayed open until 8 - 10 O'clock.

Almost annually in the fall we had a carnival in town. It set up on a lot where the present Woman's Club is located. There were usually 8 - 10 side shows and 4 - 6 rides. Two rides that were always there was the Merry-Go-Round and the Ferris Wheel. At one time I lived across the street from, on the west side, the carnival. I didn't get to attend much because there was little money. We usually went one time during the stay. The carnival would set up on Sunday/Monday and tear down and move on the following Sunday.

The Lions Club sponsored the Boy Scouts. Mr. W.T. Roberts was the Scout Master. The scouts played a big role in the community in the 20 - 40's. The Four H. Club, sponsored by the school and County Agent, was a big influence in the community.

The school activities were the focus of the social and entertainment life in Alachua. Occasionally a theatrical company would come to town and help the community put on a production of some kind. Among the other things you did for entertainment or diversion was to go to Gainesville to see the movies. There were two theaters in Gainesville; the Florida Theater on University Avenue and the Ritz (Or Lyric) Theater near the post office. One of the cool

things about going to the movies in Gainesville; they were air conditioned. Very few businesses were cooled back then. You could also go to High Springs on Saturdays to the Priest Theater to the movies. During hot weather you would go to Poe Springs, a few miles west of High Springs for swimming and a picnic or to Blue Springs, which was a little further west. Another place for swimming was Pinkerson Springs, in Hague or Glen Springs in Gainesville.

One other notable place to go for some diversion was Warren's Cave. It was located just west of present day I - 75 on the south side of Millhopper Road to Gainesville. It was a moderately size cave and shaped like a huge cross. The east-west passage was the largest. From the west entrance you went east down a gradual slope for 30 to 50 feet. There were small rooms on either side. When you got to the bottom and center of the cross, you could see an extension to the north that extended 30 to 40 feet. Another extension went south about 30 - 60 feet. You could not see the top of the cave unless you had a big electric lantern. My guess was the ceiling was 50 - 70 yards before the passage narrowed to very small. Several university students were injured exploring the cave and rumor has it that possibly one or more may have died as a result of dare-devil climbing. Fortunately my experiences turned out OK.

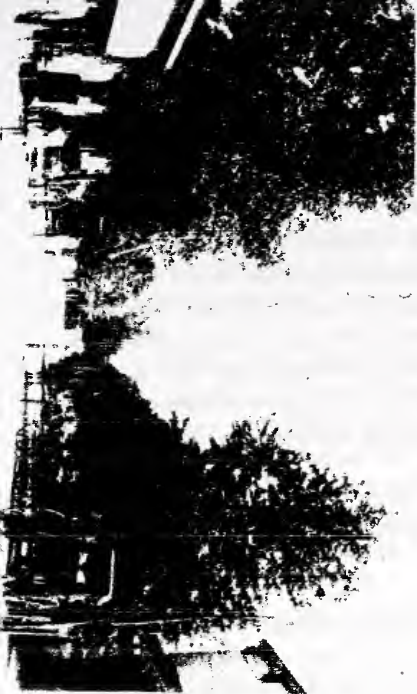
As the participation in WWII grew in scope and activities the depression ended and the good times returned.

This has been a "Birds-eye" glance at Alachua's history of the thirties. The list of businesses, family names, old street addresses, the paving of roads by the WPA, and on and on.....

P.S. My street address
H. J. Waters
2 Alachua St.
Alachua, Florida



MAIN STREET ALACHUA THROUGH 100 YEARS



FROM ABOUT 1906 UNTIL FEB 2006



MEMORIES OF ALACHUA

By C. B. "Beb" Waters and B. Quinn Waters

Maybe I should begin with a point of clarification. As far as I know, I don't have dementia, but I'm often confused about just who I am. For most of my life, I was (and you all knew me as...) Quinn. However, after reaching Medicare age, I was forced by a rigid rule of the U. S. government (a rule that I believe to be discriminatory and thereby unconstitutional) to be Beverly Q. Waters. Frankly, it's been only out of respect for my parents that I never legally changed my name.

Okay, with that behind us, let's see what my dad, at the age of 97, now recalls about the old days in Alachua. Along the way I'll also throw in a few of my own memories.

My grandfather Charles L. Waters ("Papa Waters") was a station agent for the Atlantic Coastline Railroad in Alachua. His station was at the southernmost rail line running by Copeland Sausage Company and Ennis Motor Company. His brothers Leland and David were also station agents. Leland manned the Seaboard station just a few yards from Papa Waters' Coastline station on the south end of town. David manned another Coastline station, known as "East Alachua," which was located up by the current location of US 441. The old road that comes in under the railroad overpass and then turns north at Main Street was the original US 441. That is how Main Street first came to be paved: by being designated as a federal highway.

During the very early days, the trains came to Alachua but did not go to High Springs. Passengers traveling to High Springs would disembark in Alachua and look for other transportation to High Springs. During this period, my grandfather would often provide a horse-and-wagon shuttle service. I don't know how much he charged, but reportedly he frequently had customers.

During national elections, Papa Waters would sit by his telegraph key to get election results. As results were telegraphed in, he would give them to my dad (Beb), who would "run" them to City Hall, where a large board displayed the latest election information.

The center of town in those early days was just north of the Seaboard tracks, on the southern end of Main Street, as I think of it today. There were two hotels and stores of all types. The town also had two banks: the Bank of Alachua and the First National Bank. The Bank of Alachua did not survive the depression. The First National Bank survived until recently when it was sold to Capital City Bank.

There were three cotton gins, two for short cotton and one for long cotton. A large quantity of cotton was produced in the area. There were two blacksmiths and two livery stables. Most folks traveled by horse and wagon, and very few had cars. Most streets were unpaved. One of the blacksmiths was Mr. Benjamin Warner "Buck" Mott (D. Ray Harrison, Jr's grandfather). Mr. Mott's blacksmith shop was just up the street from the barber shop of Willie Cauthen (Hal's dad). Mr. E. D. Hague's livery stable was across the street. The other livery stable was owned by Mr. Sandlin and it was on Church Street.

One of the hotels — Hawkins House, later named the Skirvin Hotel — was just south of the southernmost railroad tracks. It had a large dining room with (I think) two long tables, each seating 25 to 30 guests. Large bowls and platters of meats, potatoes, vegetables and breads were placed on the tables and the guests would pass them around just like at a large family gathering. I recall one summer when Dad and I were "batching" and he and I ate there quite often.

I remember the periodic visits by the horse-drawn ice wagon, weekly or maybe more often. Most houses really did have an "ice box" in those days. Living in town, we enjoyed the convenience of regular home delivery of the block of ice needed to keep food in the box cool. The old man who delivered the ice was named Lige, but I don't recall the name of the horse that pulled the wagon.

The best-known train that ran through town was named "Peggy." Peggy was a Seaboard train that ran from Starke through Bell to Wannee, where the train would turn around and retrace its route. I recall a story that now escapes Dad's memory about what his mom and the other Waters mothers would do from time to time when the kids got under foot. Since all three moms in the Waters clan had access to the railroad, they could use "Peggy" to occupy the kids for a

few hours. Simply put the kids on the train when it arrived from Starke, and they would be out of the way for a few hours while riding down to Wannee and back.

I remember at least one occasion when my cousins Larry, Johnny Dampier, Lano (Delano), maybe Clara Nell, and I made that trip. I think I was about 10 or 12 at the time. Somewhere between Alachua and Bell, the train stopped at a crossing in the middle of nowhere, probably where the north/south tracks run just west of US 41. The stop allowed the trainmen to swing open gates to allow the train to pass though. Since all the "big boys" (older cousins) got off during the temporary stop, of course I did too. As the runt of the lot, I was the last to grab for the hand rail when the train started moving, and I almost had a very long walk back to Alachua.

Other entertainment for Waters boys: Ventures into Warren's Cave were treacherous in Dad's day. He says they had no flashlights, so they took "fat pine" sticks to light up, once they were deep enough to need a light source.

Dad recalls one occasion when the circus was in town and some of the horses got loose just as a train was passing though. He saw the train kill three of the horses.

I recall when Alachua had a free picture show. It was an outdoor theater composed of a billboard-type screen and rows of logs for the audience to use for seating. Shows were only available on Saturday night. The show was located in a vacant lot on the east side of Main Street, approximately one block south of the main downtown intersection (i.e., the intersection where the First National Bank was located for many years).

In both Dad's day and mine, we all played games with marbles. Marbles were a lot less expensive than the electronic devices kids have for entertainment today. So was everything else!

* * * * *

The Bland Horse Races

1944

By Kent Doke

The Bland horse races actually started in Haynesworth in the summer of 1944 when Paul Emery and I raced our horses on the straight graded road North of Haynesworth. I had borrowed an English saddle to race with and when we jumped off, the right stirrup leather came off the safety catch and was dragging. I couldn't get it off my foot and was afraid the horse would step on it and drag me off. I always claimed that was why I lost the race and it was why I rode bareback in all the races to follow.

Somehow Jessie Shaw got involved and we started having horse races in Bland every Wednesday afternoon after school. At that time people not in the service were making more money than they had ever made in their life. Gasoline was rationed so no one could go very far. No cars were being made during the war so people rode with each other to the nearest entertainment. What is now County Highway 241 that runs out from Alachua to the Santa Fe River was at that time a seldom graded road. In the late thirties and early forties this new road was being cut using only mules and convict labor. I still remember the guards with shotguns loaded with buckshot guarding the prisoners as they drove the two mule teams pulling small drag buckets of dirt. All construction stopped when WWII started.

Jessie really got into the racing; he would grade one quarter mile of the road using a tractor and a grader he bought. He cut the fence so cars could be parked on the West side of the road and, at it's peak, we would have about 250 people out to see the races. The riders I remember were Paul Emery, Red Gregory and myself from our area.

There was no organized betting but a lot of it went on. We would have horses from Columbia, Union, Bradford and Alachua Counties. I raced my own horse, The Santa Fe River Ranch entered a horse, Jessie raced a horse, Roy Cellon, J. D. Rimes and sometimes George Duke would have horses entered in the races. We usually would have at least 6 or 7 races in an afternoon. I was very lucky as Roy Cellon and J.D. Rimes asked me to race their horses. I never lost a race on either of their horses. J.D. paid me \$5.00 and Roy paid me \$10.00 each time I raced for them so I thought I was rich!! Once George Duke brought a race horse and jockey with a jockey saddle in to race against Roy's horse. We were very lucky to win that race and did so only because the jockey couldn't control the horse at the start. He almost won even after we got about a thirty yard head start. The crowd started asking for a race between Roy's horse and J.D.'s horse. Finally it was decided that since Roy paid me more I should ride his horse. The jockey J.D. chose must have never ridden a horse in a race before because we beat him by twenty yards!

As the weather got colder attendance dropped off and the Bland Horse Races died forever. About fifty years after the races had stopped I asked Roy how much he thought was bet on those races and he said probably about twenty five hundred dollars.

Also about fifty years later I was introduced to an old lawyer in Gainesville who asked me if I had ever ridden horses in the Bland Races. He said Mr. Richard had told him to bet on the rider, not the horse. Makes me feel good, even now.



ALACHUA HIGH SCHOOL
ALACHUA FLORIDA



I Remember

*When my heart is a little tired
And the world seems hard and cool,
My thoughts go back to a quiet hill
And up to a little school;
And I remember.....*

*The day is one of beauty,
And the air is full of song;
Again I am a little girl
With hair that's light and long.*

*Again the sky is blue and bright;
The world belongs to me;
Again I know the heaven of
A small girl's ecstasy.*

*With joy, I hear the school bell ring.
'Tis recess time once more,
And with the friends I miss today
I hurry out the door.*

*We play an old familiar game,
The rules I now forget;
But all the world is wonderful
And I'm in love with it!*

*Life was so terribly perfect then,
The sky so clear and blue.
It seemed that all you did was love,
And everyone loved you.*

*Yes, when my heart is tired
And the world seems hard and cool,
My thoughts go back to a quiet hill
And up to a little school;
And I remember....*

2010 PROGRAM

Dedicated to

Evalina Radar Cates



SCHOOL DAYS 1953-54
ALACHUA

EVALINA RADAR CATES as I have known her through the years.

I first met her when she came to Alachua to teach in the fall of 1945. We had been at the beach when she and Mr. Cates were married in June at the First Methodist Church.

Ms. Cates was born on April 08, 1919 in Arkansas. Her family later made their home in Lakeland, Florida. She went to Florida State College for Women and graduated with a degree in Home Economics.

She began teaching at Alachua High School in the fall of 1945. When I was a high school student and became one of her students I knew that I had hit the "Jack Pot" as far as teachers in my school days were concerned. She made every experience a joy for me. I loved the cooking and sewing. I know that she realized that I was helping some of the girls with their sewing projects. In later years when Martha Davis Hayes and I were making the Gator Majorette uniforms I often thought of what she had taught the two of us at AHS.

Ms. Cates was called on to perform many duties. The FFA and FHA Banquets, decorations for the Cattleman's Banquet and others that I know she helped make the success she always obtained.

She worked at Camp Crystal in the summer and had to get special permission from the director, Jane Driscoll to come and cut my wedding cake when Luke and I got married in 1955. She has been that special grand mother to my daughter Penny.

I hope that she has meant as much too many of you as she has to me. Last year when she celebrated ninety years it was evident that she was loved by all she had taught.

She is ninety one and going strong. She and Baba keep a very busy schedule and I know they love things here in Florida, but truthfully enjoy their home in North Carolina.

Maybe what Ann Celson Austin said to me the other day describes her best. Ann said, "she had away of making every individual think they were SPECIAL".

Evelina, that is what you have been to me. Thank you for being my teacher, mentor and most of all friend.

BOARD MEMBERS

Virginia S. Childs
F. Wesley Eubank
Tina Pinkoson
Eileen F. Roy
Barbara J. Sharpe

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

W. Daniel Boyd, Jr., Ed.D.

Alachua County Public Schools



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Suncom 825-7300
Suncom Fax 625-6700

March 24, 2010

Ken Doke
13716 N.W. 270th Avenue
Alachua, Florida 32615

RE: Evelena Cates

Mr. Doke,

Here's the history information on Ms. Cates that you requested. Ms. Cates employment dates with Alachua County Public Schools are as follows: she started in August of 1946 thru June 1975, at Alachua High School as a Home Economics Teacher. In 1956 Alachua High School became Santa Fe High School. Ms. Cates continued as a Home Economics Teacher at Santa Fe High School until she retired on June 14, 1975.

In August 7, 1957 Ms. Cates agreed to serve as FHA District III Adviser.

Ms. Cates. Attended:

Florida State University 1936-1940 earned A BS in Vocational Home Economics- Science.

Florida State University summer of 1946 Graduate Home Economics University of Florida 1949-1950 Summers developing a program For internship Graduate Education.

University of Florida 1951 thru 1965 in service.

Ms. Cates Data Sheet: Professional Organizations was active in FEA, CTA, American Home Economics Associations, Florida and Central Florida Home Economics Associations.

Honors received member of Delta Kappa Gamma (Professional Honorary). Received Honorary State Degree in the Florida Association Future Homemakers of America.

Talents or abilities: Arts and Crafts.

Sincerely,

Beverly Holt
Data Base Clerk Specialist
Personnel Department

EVALENA RADAR CATES

My memories of moving to Alachua and especially of teaching at Alachua High School are fond memories.

First, I came to Alachua to marry your principal, J. Donald Cates and to teach Home Economics at his school. Our wedding took place on June 12, 1945 at the First United Methodist Church of Alachua. Thanks to the efforts of local ladies it was a lovely event and the beginning of a long relationship with the people of Alachua.

My years of teaching at Alachua provided me with varied experiences with outstanding and supportive faculty, not only students but also their parents. My classroom was enhanced by being with students with agriculture and exchanging students with agriculture and industrial arts teachers. How fortunate to know my students and families so well! Some times I felt they were my adopted family.

Now the icing on the cake! To see and visit with you my students and families. You make me so PROUD. Thank you for your continued love and support.

Evalena R. Cates

Brotherhood



REUNION 1998

DEDICATED TO

MISS BERNICE DEW

Miss Bernice Dew was a long-time teacher at Alachua High School. In the memories of most graduates, she was THE English teacher. Miss Dew, after teaching briefly in North Carolina, came to Alachua High School in 1916. Except for two years, she taught at Alachua High School until her retirement in 1954.

Miss Dew's age was a great mystery to her students, who frequently inquired about this. However, insofar as is known, she never revealed this information to her students. It is told that on one occasion a former student, who was employed by the census bureau believed that this important information would be revealed. While conducting the census interview the former student asked for her age. Miss Dew replied, "Just put down, 'As old as the hills' ". The former student said, "But I can't put that on the form. The government won't accept it". Miss Dew replied, "Oh yes they will and if they don't, have the president call me."



2002 Program Dedicated In Memory of

Mrs Jessie Wilson Johnson

"Miss Jessie" was born in Reddick, Florida on August 3, 1894. She graduated from Ocala High School in 1911 and taught in Evinston from 1912 through 1914. She then taught at Trenton High School during the period of 1914 through 1937. During this time she took eight year off for her four children. In 1937 she began teaching at Alachua High School and taught there until it closed in 1956.

During her years both at Trenton High and Alachua High she taught English, Latin and Spanish. In her last years at Alachua High she became the school librarian. She continued as librarian at Santa Fe High School until she retired in 1965. Her teaching career spanned fifty three years; with the eight years off for her children she had a net career of forty five years.

She earned her Bachelors and Masters degrees from the University of Florida by going to summer school and at night before the U. of F. became co-educational.

She followed her formula, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might". She accomplished many things that were, at that time, both difficult and uncommon for a woman to even attempt. Her achievements were truly phenomenal.



SCHOOL DAYS 1952-53
ALACHUA



SCHOOL DAYS-1953-54
ALACHUA

2004 Program Dedicated in Memory of

Dr. John Donald Cates

Dr. J. Donald Cates was born in Mayo, Lafayette County, Florida on November 9, 1907. He graduated from Mayo High School and entered the University of Florida in 1923. In 1925 he began his career in education teaching 8th and 10th grade in Cross City, Florida. After receiving his B.S. degree from the U. of F. in 1929 , he began his first job as principal in the small community of Day in Lafayette County. Over the next fifteen years, Dr. Cates continued to pursue his Master in Administration at the U. of F.. During these years he served as Principal at Enterprise, Lee and Greenville, Fla. In 1945, he received his M.E. in Administration from the U.F. While principal at Alachua High School he began his pursuit of his Doctorate Degree. He attended the University of Chicago, the University of Maryland, and again his beloved University of Florida. He served as principal at Alachua High School from 1944 - 1955; longer than any other Alachua principal. During those years, with the help of a wonderful faculty, he brought about much improvement.

The most outstanding improvement was A.H.S. becoming a Southern Accredited School. During these years Dr. Cates served the community well. He directed the choir at the Alachua Methodist Church, belonged to Lions Club and taught Sunday School at the First Baptist Church of Alachua. Most of us have many fond memories of our years at A.H.S. during those years.

After leaving Alachua, he spent several years in Mayo as principal of the high school there. It was during this time that he finished his quest for his Doctorate Degree. After teaching for several years in Coolidge, Georgia, he entered the military school system, teaching children of military personnel. He taught six years in Itazuke, Japan and four more years in Augsburg, Germany. He moved back to a sixth grade classroom for his last year in education 1975 -76, stating that he wanted to finish close to the children, thus ending 50 years in the field of education.

Dr. Cates passed away on Dec. 27, 1987, at Advent Christian Village, thus ending a career of service that took him far and wide.

2006 Program Dedicated to

William W. Irby

Head Coach of A.H.S. 1951 - 1956

William Wright Irby was born in Alachua, Florida, near the current site of Irby Elementary on May 18, 1924. His parents, William and Lillian Irby, had moved to Alachua from South Carolina in the early 1920's. William is the second of four children. As a teen, he worked at Duke's Saw Mill and at the Copeland Sausage Company. He participated in high school sports lettering in football, basketball, and baseball. He graduated from Alachua High School in 1942.

Upon graduation from high school, he joined the United States Army Air Force and served in England with the 852nd Bomb Squadron, 491st Bomb Group of the "Mighty 8th" Air Force during WWII. At the completion of the war, he was honorably discharged with the rank of sergeant from the Army Air Force in October of 1945.

After the war, he returned to his home in Alachua and entered the University of Florida. He graduated with a degree in Education in 1948. He also married a school teacher and Florida State graduate, Mary Elizabeth Knight of Alachua in 1948. They soon moved to Ocoee, Florida (near Orlando) where he began his career as a teacher and coach.

In 1951 William was named head coach at Alachua High School and he and Mary Elizabeth moved back to Alachua. A son, William W. Irby, IV was now also part of the family. He was later joined by two brothers and a sister. During the early 1950's William also returned to the U.F. and was awarded a Master's Degree in Education in 1955.

In 1956, Santa Fe High School opened. This left an opening at the elementary school and so the School Board named William as principal of the Alachua Elementary School. He served in this position until his retirement, after 36 years in public education, in 1984. Mary Elizabeth was also a teacher at Alachua Elementary until her retirement that same year.

Over the years William has been active in the First Baptist Church, Alachua Lions Club, American Legion, the University of Florida Alumni Association, and his community. An avid "Gator", he has enjoyed many football games at the "Swamp". He has received numerous awards for community service and for his work with the Lions Club. He and his sons and "Golf Buddies" have enjoyed many days on the golf course, camping, or out fishing. Mary Elizabeth and William have also enjoyed their time at their cabin in North Carolina and their travels throughout the United States and Europe.

At 81, he and Mary Elizabeth continue to live in the home they built in Alachua in 1952. They enjoy spending time with their four children, seven grandchildren, and all their friends throughout the Alachua area.



Reunion of 2008 Dedicated to

Andrew H. Hines, Jr

Andrew H. Hines, Jr. was born and educated in Florida and has devoted much of his life to making the Sunshine State a better place to live, work and go to school.

His family moved to Alachua in 1936. His father, Hampton Hines, Sr., worked for the Duke Lumber Company and became it's superintendent. At that time there were two major industries in the community; Copeland Sausage Company and the Duke Lumber Company. The retail district was fairly strong with two drugstores, several dry goods stores and general stores, Douglas Chevrolet, Ennis Ford Company and a sometimes used hotel. The Alachua Women's Club had just been completed as a WPA project.

Alachua High School was an extremely worthwhile experience for Andrew. He was able to complete two years of Latin, two years of Spanish, two years of Algebra, plane geometry, solid geometry and trigonometry. In addition he took courses in physics, chemistry, botany and zoology. Four years of English, under Miss Bernice Dew left quite a lasting impression, as it did for many other students over the years. Thus, in the midst of the "Great Depression" an excellent education was available to anyone who chose to apply him/herself at this small, rural school. He often remembers those teachers who played such an important role in preparing him, and indeed all of us for the future.

At that time Alachua High School and the Elementary school were the center of most community activities. Football and basketball drew enthusiastic fans. The high school class plays were well attended and there were assemblies in which many songs were learned, both patriotic and religious. He still remembers going into the auditorium to the accompaniment of "The March of the Wooden Solders".

During WWII he was a prisoner of war. He went down over Austria, was captured and spent 7 1/2 months in a prison camp. "It's only when you lose your freedom that you realize how important freedom is. Most of us take it for granted".

He received a bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering with high honors from the University of Florida in 1947. He has since received honorary degrees from Stetson University College of Law, Rollins College, The University of South Florida and Florida Southern College.

Mr. Hines began his business career with General Electric in research and development in 1947. In 1951 he joined Florida Power Corporation as assistant production engineer. After receiving several promotions, he became president of Florida Power and then Chairman of Florida Progress Corporation. He was named chairman emeritus of Florida Progress Corporation when he retired in 1990.

In an interview, Mr. Hines related some of the experiences that have influenced his overall philosophy. "I was a child of the Depression. I learned early in life that nothing is really free. If you want something, you have to work for it. No one will give it to you, so don't waste your opportunities".

Mr. Hines' professional, business, educational, religious and civic activities and awards would take many pages to enumerate. He is past director of several Templeton Mutual Funds and Mutual Series Funds. He is a past member of the Board of Trustees of the Florida Council on Economic Education, and he is a life trustee of Asbury Theological Seminary. He served for 11 years as an executive in residence at Eckerd College. Mr. Hines also served on the Committee in the "Embrace Excellence" campaign and the Business Advisory Council, The Committee of Engineers and the UF Alumni Association Board (President, 1972). He was named a UF distinguished alumnus in 1973.

"Religion has been a very important part of my life. I have taught Sunday School for over 50 years. These fellowships have sustained me greatly throughout my life". A few of his charitable affiliations include the U of F, U of South Florida, Rollins College where he was chairman of the board, Boy Scouts where he received a Silver Beaver Award, Urban League, PRIDE, YMCA, All Children's Hospital and St. Anthony's Hospital

"If we are fortunate, we can begin to believe we are successful because of our efforts alone, but life has a way of catching up with you and cutting you down to size. One thing I have learned in life is that others help you along the way. In my case this has been very true"

All in all, "Alachua High School gave me some of the best years of my life".



Memories Are Made of This

Remember....

...Lucille Ellis and Bonnie Robarts reading stories to us outside under the trees after lunch?

...The elementary girls had a make-believe house, kitchen, etc. down in the woods behind the cafeteria?

...The scrap iron drives during W. W. II?

...Lem Bryant driving the school bus back and forth over the "counter line" so that the road to Bland would be paved?

...The bus trips to Daytona Beach at the end of the school year?

...When nobody locked their houses?

...How much fun we had while waiting for a bus to come pick us up after Otto Douglas had gotten our bus stuck on that slick clay hill?

...The fun we had the day we skipped school and went out and ate our bag lunches at Burnett's Lake?

...The Halloween Carnivals that we had in the elementary school building? The cake walk, the "fish pond," the fortune teller (our teachers dressed up)? None of us had ever heard of "Trick or Treat."

...The King and Queen Night at A. H. S.?

...Our little high school band marching in the U. of F. Homecoming Parade?

...Climbing into the bell tower and carving our names into the bricks?

...When nobody in the "outlying areas" (country) had a telephone?

...The trips Mr. Cates took us on? Did you go to Tarpon Springs, Ringling Brothers Circus in Sarasota, or the Ice Follies in Jacksonville?

...When Cokes were a nickel at Thigpin's Drugstore?

...When you could go to the movies on Saturday afternoon and see Roy Rogers, a newsreel, a serial and a cartoon for a dime?

...When someone from a church would come and tell Bible Stories by putting Bible characters on a big flannel board?

...Drive-in movies?

...How wonderful it was to beat High Springs in football?



Miss Ellis reading to one
of her classes about 1946.



Miss Ellis, a few years younger
than most of us remember her.
Check out those stockings!

MEMORIES

Memories of old homes are always very sweet
and thoughts of childhood days make later
years complete.

Memories of success of days that long have gone
often give us courage when other hopes
are flown.

Memories of old loves we never can forget,
though in life's later years other loves we
have met.

Memories of old friends are very sacred, too,
and sometimes we long for the friends that
once we knew.

Life is full of memories as time rolls on it's way,
and the present shall become a memory, too,
some day.

By:
Virginia Kathrine Oliver

Alachua High School Memories
Charles Beverly (Beb) Waters Class of 1930

The Alachua Indians played football on a field that was right next to the school rather than down the hill from the grammar school. The offense was the Notre Dame Box. The quarterback lined up about four feet behind the center and had a fullback lined up a few feet behind him. The other two halfbacks were lined up on their left (or right), stacked one behind the other to form a square box. The QB would take a direct snap and then hand off to one of the backs or drop back to pass. It was mainly a running offense. Pete Stringfellow was the quarterback. Hal Rivers was the fullback. Troy Fowler and Jesse Shaw were halfbacks. I played left end. Other players included Marion Pearson and Charles Boston. If you left the game, you couldn't return to the field in the same quarter. And yes, we wore leather helmets and had drab brown canvas pants; and the jerseys were whatever you could find and had no numbers. The coach was named Rockwell. Alachua didn't have a good punter, so Marion Pearson would try to throw a long interception rather than try a weak punt.

The Big Rival was the High Springs Sandspurs, at least until around 1929 when we had "the Big Fight" playing in High Springs. The referee that night was a prominent High Springs doctor (Whitlock?), maybe even the mayor. Emotions were running high, and an intense argument between players, coaches and the referee ended in a Big Fight when Jessie Shaw knocked the referee out cold and the townspeople charged the field. I prudently ran for the car. As a result of the fight, the teams didn't play each other again for a number of years (20?).

The trip to a game in Cedar key was hard to forget. The field was covered in sandspurs, and after the game, the shower was salt water. School buses couldn't be used for game trips, so townspeople would drive the players. Barney Cato was a rural mail carrier and had a son on the squad. He would drive players to games, and Bill Ennis' dad a carload of players. The school buses back then were Model A

trucks with a row of seats down each side and a bench down the middle. The back was open, and that was where you would enter the 'bus.' The back end of the bench down the middle wasn't bolted down, and it rode like a bucking horse.



Forrest
Stringer

Senny
Cato

? ?
Waters Waters

Alachua

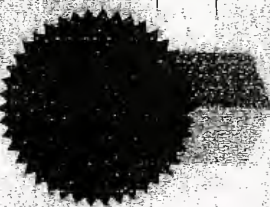
High School



Chris Carthines Thint

Beverly Waters

has satisfactorily completed the Course of Study prescribed by the
Board of Education for the High School and is therefore entitled to this



Diploma

Presented at Alachua, Florida, this 25th day of April 1930

J. D. Williams
CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF TRUSTEES

M. W. Worthington

P. H. Williams
CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

E. D. Williams
SUPERINTENDENT, PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Class Roll

Barbara Lucie Baucum
Jewell Cox
Ota Milford Floyd
William Troy Fowler
Otte Mae Harris
Blanche LeRoy
Emma Nelson Peterson
Thomas Howell Roberts
Wilfred Thainage Roberts
Edna Marguerite Walker
Beverly Waters
Edna Waters
Beaie Worthington

Alachua High School Alachua, Florida

Class of 1930

Class Colors
White and Gold

Class Motto





Report of Dr. M. L. L. L.

ALACHUA HIGH SOPHOMORE CLASS -1931

1ST ROW:

BILLY VICKORY - LONNIE LEE LINDSEY -
LANNIS WATERS - JOHN CHARLES BOSTON

2ND ROW:

MARJORIE IRWIN - LOUISE ELLIS - MATHIE BAUCUM -
INA WATERS - MARY ENNIS - TEACHER BOURN -
REGINA NETTLES - ESTELLE BAUCUM - HAZEL DOKE -
NINA MAE MOTT.

3RD ROW:

TINA CATO - MARGARET HEIGHT - ALMA WATKINS - VIVIAN
WHITE - LEIGE KNIGHT - DORIS HADSOCK - MYRTLE KNIGHT
- ZORA LEE MARTIN - WILMA CAIN - WILMA MAE DOUGLAS.



THIS PICTURE . . . from the 6th grade class of Alachua School will bring back many fond memories of the past. Seated, first row, left to right, Dan Stone, Wilson Gibson, Winston Bedenbaugh, Elaine Caroway Pressnell; second row, Roy Jeffords, Elmo Lewis, Ead Davis, Donald Sheeley, Burnell Lindsey, Dan Vaughn, Jr., Dewey Baucum; third row, Ruby Mae Tyner, Maxine (Gillis) Ennies, Lottie (Thompson) Vickory, Lucille Sheeley, Thelma Coney, Mrs. Carolyn Butler (teacher), Mary Frances Palmer, Maude Skipper, Pauline Layne, Maude Dee Spears, Blanche McCullough; fourth row, Mintie Pellit, Olive Mae Lewis, Pearl (Vickory) Smith, Janie Lewis, Annis (Cain) Davis, Eleanor Guvnn, Naomi Douglas, Hortense Parrish, May nie Louise Cellon, Victoria Lewis, Ina Rae Harrison.

**W.H.“Dub” Gillis Memories
Class of 34**

Staff

- **Ms. Bernice Dews was everyone's favorite teacher. She strived to make you the best kind of person possible through her inspiration. She definitely had an impact on everyone.**
- **Coach Rou was one of the best coaches in the state of Florida. He had a way of getting the best from his player's and was a major factor in making me a top high school athlete.**

Principal Worthington was a good man. One of the memories I have of him, is his car being egged with rotten eggs.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the culprits were never apprehended, and I ain't telling!

Personal

- **I remember reciting the Pledge of Allegiance every morning. It was done outside in front of the flagpole. This always brings back fond memories of allegiance to my country!**
- **I also remember being presented my "A" green letter in assembly, in front of the entire school. It had a Football, Basketball, Baseball, and a Track shoe representing the four sports played, with the word Captain on the bottom of the letter representing my leadership in all four sports. It was a time that I will never forget.**

Pranks

- **Ms. McKinney, a midwife, had her outhouse taken by a few hooligans and placed in the front entrance of the High**

school. It was quite a sight to see, but the hooligans were never caught.

The bell in the tower of the elementary school was rung every New Year's Eve and on the fourth of July. Sometimes the one who rang it had to spend the night because the Chief of Police would be waiting for him to come down and if you spent the night, then he would get tired and go home. The tower was full of bats and presented quite a predicament to the one ringing the bell.

Industry

The main industry in Alachua was the sawmill. Later it provided a job for me before I went into the Army and the Insurance Industry.

Front Row L. To R.

Louise Ellis

* * * * *
Maldon Bryan

* * * * *
Olyard Shome

* * * * *
Forest Stringer

* * * * *
Thos Ellis

* * * * *
Bernice Jeffards

* * * * *
George T Higgins

* * * * *
Louise Baucum

* * * * *
Lynil Duke

Alta McThomas

W. H. Giles

* * * * *
Harry Dixon

* * * * *
Ruth Dupuis

Back Row L. To R.

Mr. Radgett Pin

Winn White

* * * * *
Pete Stringfellow

* * * * *
Walter Wilson

* * * * *
Earl Willis

* * * * *
Gonva Spang

* * * * *
Virginia Shaw

* * * * *
Hazel Harris

* * * * *
Bert Powell

* * * * *
George Bernard

* * * * *
Gladys Harrell

* * * * *
Basil Hill

* * * * *
J. D. Emerson

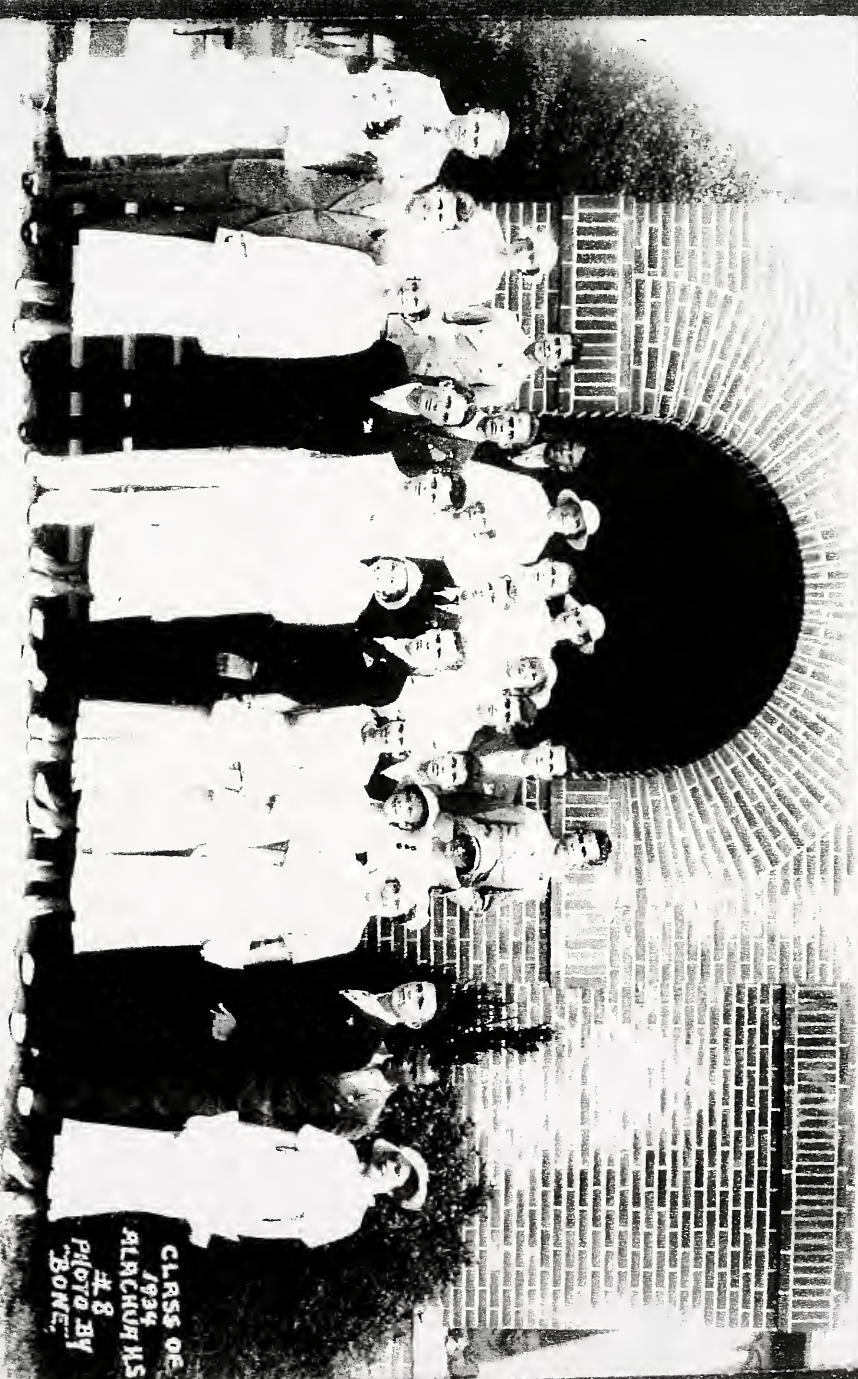
* * * * *
M. P. Stokes

* * * * *
U. Q. McCoy

* * * * *
Mrs Watkins

* * * * *
Spencer

June 1934



CLASS OF
1934
ALACHUA HS.
#8
PICTO BY
"BONE"

A.H.S. Memories

By Nell Doke Dukes

Class of 1938

I began my freshman year at A.H.S. in 1934 and graduated in 1938. I rode a school bus to school from the Bland community. The principal of the school was Mr. Worthington and when I graduated in 1938 our principal was Mr. Sidney Padgett. My bus drivers were Noah Halbrook, Mrs. Harvey Halbrook and Otto Douglas. In those days we had no lunch room so we brought our lunch from home. We would sit outside under the pine trees at noon and eat our lunch with our friends. I usually ate with Ann Lewis, Audrey Hardee and other friends from time to time. Those that lived in town usually went home for their lunch. None of us had our own car so we walked to town if need be.

The bell rang for school to take in. We had chapel at school where a student gave a devotion. We sang songs together and said the Lords Prayer and said the Pledge of Allegiance to the U.S. flag. Any announcements were made at this time and sometime a short skit was given.

During the first week of school the freshman boys ran through the belt line. This was done by all the boys lining up and taking their belts off and the freshman boys ran in front of the older boys and they tried to hit them with their belts. Every once in a while a boy would make it through with out getting a single hit.

Some of my teachers were Miss Bernice Dew who taught English, Mrs. Worthington taught Home Economics, and Mrs. Rockwell taught music. Other teachers were Mrs. Watkins, Miss Turlington, Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Herlong, Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Mosley. Miss

Mosley was one of the best teachers I ever had. I took Trigonometry, geometry and algebra under her and she made sure everyone in the room understood what we were doing before moving on. She would stay after school to help anyone who needed help. One day one of the boys put a raw egg in her chair while she was at the blackboard and she sat on it when she came back to her chair. She cried and the boy who did it felt awful. Years later this boy told me if it had not been for Miss Mosley's encouragement he never would have finished school. Miss Mosley married Bob Cato of Alachua our senior year.

I took Home Economics all four years and was active in our Future Home Makers Club. I was elected president of the club and Ruth May vice president. We had our meetings at night and the boys in FFA had their meeting the same night in the same building. George Dansby was their teacher. In 1937 I attended a state meeting of FHM club in Jacksonville at the Winsor Hotel. I gave the report from our club and was chairman of the nominating committee and on an executive committee. Our picture was in the Sunday Florida Times Union, so we felt very special then.

April's Fools Day, 1937 sixty five students skipped school and went to Burnett's Lake and had a picnic. I wanted to go but knew that my daddy would be very upset if I went. Some of the parents took food out to them. Well, I was mighty glad I didn't go because for punishment Mr. Worthington, our principal, took away all offices they held and none of them were exempted from exams.

I was in our Jr. and Sr. plays and had a wonderful time practicing for them. We had no public address system then so we had to talk loud and I could do that. Every seat in the auditorium would be taken. We didn't have TV back then and anything held at the school was well attended.

We played ball games.. basketball, football and baseball. It cost 10 cents to see a game. We sat on small wooden bleachers and every

one was a cheerleader. We would practice some of the cheers in the auditorium.

I attended the Florida State Fair in Tampa for two years with a group from our school. We rode a school bus. One year there were 12 girls that went along with the boys. We had to leave Alachua at four a.m. and would get back about four a.m. the next day. I had to spend the night with my grandmother, Mabel Cox, because she lived in town. We had lots of fun on those trips and saw many things of interest. All of the exhibits were educational and we saw the different shows in the cow barn. Some of our friends were showing their animals which made it even more interesting. And of course the Midway was special for us too.



to R. front; Ann Lewis, Nell Duke, Audrey Hardee
to R. back; Mary Alice Thomas, Estelle Witt, Trumie Shaw, Ellen
Emerson

Alachua High School Memories

by Earl Bryan - Class of '39

Some of my teachers were Misses Zell and Bernice Dew (Sisters) who were very strict, but excellent teachers and Jesselyn Cato who taught math. She moved to Alachua from Georgia when she was quite young.

I played football, center position. Our team lost only one game out of ten games played our senior year. That year the boys and fathers cut trees off the school grounds, treated them and put lights on them. These were the first lights on the football field. We traveled to south Florida for the only game we lost that year. The team spent the night there and stayed in the homes of the opposing team. A player on that team, Eddie McIntyre, played football barefoot and could he run! On the way back home from that game our teacher, Mrs. Herlong, who lived in Micanopy cooked dinner for the entire team.

Some of our pranks: #1. Mary Lois Douglas Forrester was one of the few students who had a car to drive to school (Her dad owned a dealership). She would pick up several girls each morning plus take them home for lunch. Two or three boys (including myself) would pick up the back end of her Austin, with them in it and her tires would just spin, not letting her take off.

2. We skipped school lots and went to the filling station on 441. Often the teacher would take roll; then we'd walk out and never be missed by the teacher. #3. One day during our senior year we planned a big "Skip day". Many parents, including mine, gave us permission to go out to Burnette's Lake for the day. My dad actually let me drive his car that day so I could take my mother in to her mother's house until lunchtime when many of the mothers brought us a big picnic lunch. Some students even walked out there. However,

since many students rode the bus, as I normally did, we had to be back at school by the close of the school day so they would have a ride home. Our principal, Mr. Worthington, was there to meet us when we returned and wanted to punish us even though most of had parental permission. We had to go to his office and sign a statement that we had skipped school that day in order to go back to school the next day. My father got very angry that I signed this since I had his permission to skip that day and my mom was one of the mothers who came out to bring us lunch.

There was no lunchroom at school. You either brought your lunch or if you lived in town, went home for lunch.

The big 2 story building was for the Agriculture and Home Economics students. During the year the boys and girls had to swap teachers and boys took Home Ec and the girls took ag for a short period of time.

A.H.S. Memories

by Joe Cocke - Class of '39

The Easter Egg Hunt

The annual Easter Egg Hunt at the old Alachua School was always an exciting event. Money may have been scarce during those years but eggs were plentiful. Every farm family had chickens and an ample supply of eggs. Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Leghorns and "Domineckers" had the run of the countryside. Many families within the town also had chickens. And for those few that didn't have yard eggs, a dozen at the grocery store were available for the staggering price of ten to fifteen cents.

The Easter Egg hunt occurred on the afternoon of Good Friday. On Friday morning every student in the lower grades arrived with a large bag or basket filled with eggs dyed every color imaginable. Soon after lunch parents arrived to assist the teachers in hiding the eggs. That was no easy task as there were literally hundreds of eggs, a time consuming chore. There was little or no grass on the school grounds and good hiding places were difficult to find.

The children waited impatiently, listening for the signal that the egg hunt was officially under way. At the sound of "GO", off went the students, some with baskets, some with paper sacks, some with lunch pails and some with nothing more than pockets in their clothing. Finding the most eggs did not earn a coveted prize other than bragging rights. I don't recall anyone not finding eggs but there were always some willing to share their "Loot" with those whose egg finding skills left something to be desired. After most of the eggs had been found, it was time for the "Pipping" contest, a game to determine who could break the other person's egg with yours. Most often the winner was determined by luck more so than talent. One of the last games of the day was "Yolking". The yolk was removed from the egg and thrown at the nearest human target. One can well

imagine the appearance of someone who had been the target of several "Eggers".

Ham and Sausage Biscuits

McDonalds, Hardees and other fast food enterprises are "Johnny come lately" to the ham and sausage biscuit world. The Alachua schools did not have a cafeteria until many of us older graduates had left those hollowed halls. Students living in the country who rode the bus brought their lunch and those students living in town went home for lunch.

Fancy "Store bought" lunch pails had not yet been introduced to Alachua. Lunch pails with a picture of our favorite cowboy, comic strip or cartoon character, sports figure, TV idol, Disney character and such were not available. I suppose most lunch pails could be considered "Store bought" because the most common one was a three-pound Crisco lard can. The contents of that Crisco can ranged from A to Z but the favorite food item was probably the ham or sausage biscuit, or both. For a little variety to the menu, one might find a pork chop or steak biscuit in the Crisco can. Most sausage and ham was cured or smoked, therefore, sausage biscuits usually contained link sausage rather than a patty. Little did we realize that one day some one would capitalize on ham and sausage biscuits and create a multi-billion dollar business. Unfortunately, today, many people think that ham and sausage biscuits are a recent concoction, but us old AHS graduates know the real facts.

We have yet to see one of those fast food companies boast of a "Cat head" biscuit. Oh, they have attempted to create an illusion by introducing the quarter pounder and such, but there is just no comparison. A "Cat head" biscuit with a sausage patty, link sausage or slice of ham hanging over the sides was a meal in itself. And the remaining contents in that Crisco can were always tempting goodies. The new fancy lunch pails may look better on the outside than the Crisco can but its contents will never be able to compare.

ALACHUA HIGH SCHOOL 1930 - 1940's

by Andrew H. Hines

I enrolled as a freshman in Alachua High School in September 1936. We had just moved from Gainesville to Alachua where my father was employed by Duke Lumber Company. My sister Frances entered the 8th grade and my brother Pete joined us several years later, entering elementary school.

The timing is significant. The Great Depression was rampant in Florida in the 1930's. Jobs were hard to get and pay was poor. There were two major industries in Alachua at that time - Duke Lumber and Copeland Brothers Sausage Company. Fortunately agricultural activity was strong and many worked either on the family farm or as part-time labor during watermelon season, tobacco crop, picking cucumbers, etc. The lack of cash kept us all pretty close to home.

Alachua High School was at the heart of the community. Its foot-

ball and basketball games were well attended; as were its class plays. Other entertainment included swimming trips to Poe Springs, peanut boilings, cane grindings, etc..

We were very fortunate in that in spite of a highly limited budget, our school made an excellent education attainable. During four years I studied Latin for two years, Spanish for two years, and Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology and a general culture course. History was also a part of our studies, as well as Civics. Math was taught up to Solid Geometry and Trigonometry. We had four years of English which included four separate plays by Shakespeare.

Students came from throughout the area. Those from LaCrosse arrived by bus each day and others came from the general area of Bland, Worthington Springs, etc. Other high schools with whom we engaged in competition included Newberry, Archer, Trenton, Cross City, Mason City, and High Springs. The High Springs Sandspurs were a traditional rival. As a matter of fact the rivalry became so bitter that there was no football game in 1939. There

was occasional raiding back and fourth between the communities.

Our Principal was Sidney D. Padgett. Mainstays in the teaching area were Mrs. Jessie Johnson, Miss Dorothy Herlong, and Miss Jessalyn Mosley, who became Mrs. Cato. Miss Bernice Dew was an institution; she taught Algebra, English (All years), acted as assistant principal, and was generally a tower of authority. Later her sister, Della became a teacher. Vocational Agriculture was taught as a subject by George Dansby. He also had charge of the FFA (Future Farmers of America) organization. Girls were taught Home Economics. There was also a class in typing which attracted many students.

Teachers were treated with respect, "Or else". Any punishment at school was likely to bring punishment at home. Fortunately, corporal punishment was behind us after about the 7th grade and I remember no cases in my high school years.

The schools of those days were generally well supported by the communities. The geographical areas covered were small enough

that the school was basically a community organization. Later the high schools in Florida were centralized. It was felt this would provide a more efficient system and probably be more cost effective. I suspect that both of those expectations were met. But I'm not at all certain the general level of intellectual quality, discipline, order, and community support ever attained the level reached prior to consolidation.

I was a member of the class of 1940. We graduated on May 21st of that year. There were 45 members in our class - the largest in the history of the school. We were all part of the first "Baby Boom" born to the veterans of WWI. I think that our graduates were well qualified to join the mainstream of America. I certainly felt able to compete with graduates from much more prestigious and larger institutions.

The context of the times needs to be remembered. I began my senior year in September 1939. Within a week Hitler had attacked Poland and WWII was underway. This signaled tumultuous change in almost every aspect of our lives. Alachua High graduates served in

many ways and not all came back alive.

The Alachua High Indians were coached for their 1939 season by C. Aubrey Smith from Texas. I remember that we had all new green uniforms for that year. Our dressing room was in the basement of the high school building. There was no hot water for the showers and by the end of the season these became quite frigid. No one hesitated for very long.

We ate our lunches generally seated out under the pine trees. Usually they were prepared at home. From the standpoint of physical comfort, it did not dominate the budget. Classrooms were heated by wood stoves and boys drew the chore of filling up the wood box. Another much sought duty was dusting erasers. This gave a short break. Air conditioning consisted of opening the windows. We had a good library and a large study hall.

For me those were good years.

A. H. S. Memories

Mary Sue Doke Ellis
Class of 1941

I began attending Alachua High after completing my elementary years at the School in Bland. We rode the school bus into Alachua everyday. I had to be very careful of my behavior as my sister, Joyce Doke, was the bus captain and she could have me kicked off the bus or worse yet, she would tell Daddy. Then I really would have been in trouble.

Miss Bernice Dew stands out in my memory of A.H.S. teachers. I'm sure she really did have eyes in the back of her head as none of us could get away with doing anything. Another teacher I remember is Mrs. Dorothy Herlong. She wore very high heels to school every day until she became the girls basketball coach. It was not until she wore flats that she complained that her feet hurt. Miss Mosely (Later Mrs. Cato) was the teacher that helped me the most. She had so much patience with me. It is only because of her that I passed algebra. I had Mr. Ross for Geometry, and Miss Bush who was very nice also. One day in Mr. Ross' class Calvin Yoho and Norman

Rogers poured a bottle of ink into the teacher's chair while he was writing on the blackboard. When he came back and sat down he got ink all over the seat of his pants. He stood up, walked out of class and left school. He didn't return until the next day!

The only time that I got sent to the office was for laughing in class. Wouldn't you just know it: My sister, Joyce was working in the office that day and she could hardly wait to get home and tell Daddy. And yes, I got a spanking for being sent to the office.

All in all, my years at Alachua High were good years and my memories of my time there are fond memories.



Alachua High School Senior Class, 1941

front row; L. to R.

Donald Hunnicut, Calvin Yoho, Willard Cock, Edward Martin, Herman Taylor, Norman Rogers

2nd row, Jeanne Dupce, Versa Day, Mary Sue Doke, Kathrine Lindsey, Lubetty Waters

3rd row; Thelma Mott, Joyce Doke, Frances Hines, Alice Rawls, Marie Vaughn, Carie Hunter, Viola Imler

top row; Mrs. Johnson, Irene Thomas, Verna May Damper, Ruth Carter, Connie Hines, Eva Mae Halbrook, Dorothy Caswell, Jackie Vaughn, Evelyn Broyton

ALACHUA DIRECTORY-1943

A		Alachua High School	2254
		Alachua Power Plant	2241
		Amper Service Station	2101
		Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Company	2231
B		Barwell, Dr. W. A., residence	2233
		Beverly Hills Plantation	2261
		Bibber, C. H., residence	2271
C		Celton's Store	2663
		Celton, Linley, residence, rural	2664
		Celton, Linley, residence	2665
		Celton's Linley, Packing House	2671
		Celton, Roy, Packing House, LaCrosse, Fla.	2291
		Copeland Brothers Store	2471
		Copeland Plant	2471
		Copeland, F. A., residence	2301
		Copeland, J. N., residence	2311
		Copeland, J. Z., residence	2321
D		Duke, George, Lumber Company	2331
		Duke, George, residence	2341
E		Ededy, Linna, Hardware Store	2171
		Ededy, M. F., Store	2181
		Emmels Motor Company	2371
		Ernest, W. H., residence	2381
		Ernst, Robert N.	2601
F		First National Bank	2391
		Fisher, I. W., residence	2301
		FLORIDA TELEPHONE CORPORATION	2221
G		Gibbs, Mrs. J. M., residence	2411
		Gibson, Dr. J. A., office	2421
		Gibson, Dr. J. A., residence	2431
		Giffin, Elmer Z.	2441
H		Hague, W. C., residence	2461
		Hague, E. D., residence	2491
		Hansen, S. P., Store	2451
		Hanock, W. B.	2451
		Hartley, S. F., residence	2401
		Harris Grocery & Market	2453
		Harrison, J. E.	2391
		Hester, U. F., residence	2371
		Huckman, C. W., residence	2371
		Hines, A. H., residence	2341
		Hobbs, H. H., residence	2341
		Holter, A. E.	2361

ALACHUA DIRECTORY

K		Knight, Louise	2662
L		LaCrosse Potato Growers, Inc., LaCrosse, Florida ..	2673
		Lynnan, F. P., residence	2661
M		Milford	2631
P		Palmer's Drug Store	2161
		Palmer, F. W., residence	2671
		Palmer, J. M., residence	2681
R		ROBERTS FUNERAL PARLORS, INC.	2591
		Robinson, H. F.	2668
S		Seaboard Air Line R. R. Company	2501
T		The Fountain	2141
		Trucker, R. S., residence	2351
		Turner, H. L., "Busby", residence	2642
W		Waters, D. S., Store	2614
		Waters, D. S., residence	2614
		Waters, L. R., residence	2621
		Walker, Buddy, Service Station	2154
		Walker, Burton, residence	2154
		Walker's Machine Shop	2641
		Wheeler, G. L., residence	2651

SORRY FOLKS
YOU'LL TO WAIT FOR
THE ARMY, NAVY AND
MARINES ...

WAR CALLS COME FIRST UNTIL AFTER
 THE DURATION -- DO YOUR PART TO
 HELP ... DON'T GRUMBLE ABOUT BUY
 LINES MAKE FEWER CALLS!

ALACHUA HIGH SCHOOL 1944
Henry Jackson Waters, aka: H.J. or Jack

My school career began in 1932 in an old, old two story building in Alachua. It was just east of the beloved two story, beige, bell tower, High School building.

My first grade teacher was Mrs. Morrow, wife of the Principal. She was a lovely, caring, thoughtful person. We brought our lunch to school in a bag in the good ole days. One day my lunch was lost, stolen, or eaten by a dog or a hog. Yes, in 1932 Florida had an open range law. Animals could wander where ever they pleased. You had to fence your yard and fields. Mrs. Morrow shared her or her son's lunch with me.

I don't remember much about the academics of that first year but reading. Baby Rae and I took to reading like a duck to water. I had no problems with reading or any other subjects.

The next two years, second and third grades, were spent in Brooker, Fl. Bradford, County.

I returned to Alachua in the fall of 1934. The old two story building had been demolished. A long one story building was in its' place containing eight classrooms and a big auditorium. The auditorium was big enough to hold community events.

My fourth grade teacher was Mrs. Caswell. Nothing eventful happened that year.

My fifth grade teacher was Miss Lucile Ellis. She was single and never married. She was a very creative and innovative instructor. The class was always involved in some kind of activity.

One big event of that year was a class play about the Pilgrims Thanksgiving and with the Indians. The play was essentially written by Bobby Hitchcock. We performed the play as a chapel program for the entire school.

One of our favorite class activities was story time. Miss Ellis would read a chapter from a novel. She, at times, would balance the chair she was sitting in, on its' front legs. One day a student walked behind her, on the way to the restroom, and kicked the chair out from under Miss. Ellis. She fell and there was a deathly silence in the room. Fortunately she was not hurt.

The next two years, sixth and seventh grades, were uneventful. My teacher in the sixth grade was Mrs. Caroline Butler. My seventh grade homeroom teacher was Mrs. Annie Baldwin.

Upon entering the eight grade, boys and girls were segregated. The boys took Agriculture and shop. The girls took Home Ec. classes. Some of our other teachers were: Mr. George (Uncle George) Dansby, Miss. Dorothy Herlong, Miss Bernice Dew, Mrs. Jessie Johnson, Mr. C.H.J Johnston, Coach C. Aubrey Smith, Mr. John Davis, Mr. Sidney Padgett and Miss. Rita Garris.

I had to wear glasses beginning in the seventh grade, so did not participate in sports much. I also had a newspaper route and couldn't stay after school for practices.

Perhaps the biggest event in our High School lives was the Junior and Senior theatrical productions. Mrs. Johnson was usually the Junior class play sponsor and Miss. Dew was the Senior class sponsor. The Junior class play was usually produced in the fall and the Senior class play in the spring.

The next biggest activities were football and basket ball. I don't remember AHS being involved with baseball. Being a small high school we seldom came out with the winning score. High Springs was the perennial rival. I have no idea who won the most games. We didn't have too much coaching due to the war years 41-44.

In 1942, I think, we had a scrape iron drive for the war effort. The entire school grounds, from the Home Ec. building to Rivere's fence (east-west) and from the H.S. building to the tennis court (north-south), was piled high with scrape iron. We were excused from classes to climb into a ton and a half truck to go load scrape iron from some garage or farm. This continued for about two weeks. I don't remember whose truck we used or who drove the truck. A big time was had by all

I'm sure there were a lot of funny incidents that happened in class but the memories have faded.

I do recall the time Miss. Dew, a very prim, elegant and popular English teacher, had called the roll one morning. She was the senior class homeroom teacher. Someone asked her a question and she answered, "just a minute, I have the answer right here in my drawers". She blushed and the class snickered. Of course she meant her desk drawers. No one said a word.

Any story about A H S would not be complete without mentioning the bell tower. I have heard that it was a beg deal to ring the bell on Halloween. However, it took a look of careful planning to pull this trick. The store room below the tower was the school's science supply store room. Therefore the key to that room was hard

to get. So, if you could manage to leave the Supply room unlocked, you then had to find a classroom window unlocked. Then you could get access to the bell tower. In my years at A H S, I never heard the bell ring after school hours.

In closing I have always told anyone who asked, my years at A H S was comparable to the Tom Sawyer story. A wonderful life and an experience that not everybody is fortunate enough to have lived.

Memories of Alachua High

By Rose Ann Robarts Spencer
Class of '45

One occasion at AHS that is very memorable to me is the time a faculty member let us borrow a truck to go to Burnett's Lake to find a beautiful cedar tree for our Christmas homeroom decorations. The truck had sideboards and we stood up all the way there and back to school. I am certain that our driver didn't have a driver's license and nobody even thought about accidents or injuries. We were blessed with a safe trip and were very happy and proud of our efforts when we decorated our beautiful handpicked Christmas tree! Those were truly good days!!

Another very special occasion for me was when "Miss" Jessie Johnson introduced "Skit Night". Here was our chance. Each homeroom produced a play, skit or musical program with maybe a little dancing added for fun. The entire school competed and everyone worked really hard. Since we had no competition from TV, cell phones, etc. this was a real challenge for all classes. Each homeroom elected a candidate for King and Queen of A.H.S. and

the students collected money around town and from family members and friends. The skits were usually presented on a Friday night and the homeroom with the most money crowned their candidates King and Queen of Alachua High School. The money was used for special projects. What fun!! Thanks to Mrs. Johnson for her wonderful ideas!!



Alachua High School Senior Class, 1941

front row; L. to R.

Donald Hunnicut, Calvin Yoho, Willard Cock, Edward Martin, Herman Taylor, Norman Rogers

2nd row, Jeanne Dupee, Versa Day, Mary Sue Doke, Kathrine Lindsey, Lubetty Waters

3rd row; Thelma Mott, Joyce Doke, Frances Hines, Alice Rawls, Marie Vaughn, Carie Hunter, Viola Imler

top row; Mrs. Johnson, Irene Thomas, Verna May Damper, Ruth Carter, Connie Hines, Eva Mae Halbrook, Dorothy Caswell, Jackie Vaughn, Evelyn Broyton

A. H. S. Memories

Clarence Johnson Class of '47

The following story is hearsay.....I was NOT a participant

One night, after midnight, some boys went up to the high school and ran the school bell. The Alachua policeman, Bob Owens, came flying up to the school, but didn't see anyone. He took out his flashlight and started searching. When he came around the woodshed he shined his light along the back side of the woodshed and there were five boys squatted down with their pants down, going to the "bathroom". Their actions did not, in the least, convince Bob of their innocence. He took them to the little two cell jail near the ice plant. He let them out before daylight...so I was told.

Story 2.

During WWII we used to have recruiters from all of the armed forces come to AHS every week or so. We would assemble in the auditorium and they would talk about their branch of service and encourage our boys to join their branch of the service. A good many joined up. Two of them, Ralph Henderson and J.W. Cullen, were killed in action. Several came back later and finished high school. We had War Bond rallies in Alachua, and in other towns too. We collected all kinds of metals for the war effort. Alachua and America were truly united in those years.

Story 3.

I played all the sports offered to boys at AHS. During that time we won the Suwanee Conference in basketball. Mr. Cates was our coach. One year we beat Gainesville High on their own court 43 to

28. Another time we beat P.K. Yonge High School on their court 74 to 15. Other than Lincoln, they were the only two high schools in Gainesville at that time. I'm not sure we were such a good team, but we were better than Gainesville, and we had the cutest cheerleaders anywhere...and they still are.

Story 4.

I was born in Trenton in 1929. When I was seven years old we moved to Alachua across the street from a cute little four year old girl named Shirley Traxler. Twenty years later she became my bride. We have been married 53 years this August and have four children and nine grandchildren.

My Time at Alachua High School

by Delmar Pendley

At the time I was in school at Alachua High, Bob Owens was the local police chief. In those days most small towns had only one employee to man the police force and so Bob was the entire force as well as, sometimes, judge and jailer. Bob was the most generous man with the two jail cells that comprised the penal system of the city of Alachua. If he was in a bad mood almost anything could make you a "Guest" of the city.

On the night that I am telling you about, six of us boys found ourselves, somewhere, some place, somehow together and in the absence of any other entertaining thing to do, we decided to go to Alachua High. We climbed three stories to the bell tower, tied a rope to the bell arm, threw a rope to the boys below, climbed down, tied an auto tire to the rope for weight and ran back and forth with the tire to get the maximum sound from the bell. And boy did we get maximum sound! The bell made a terrible clanging noise.

In just minutes we saw Bob's car charging up the hill. The lights in the neighborhood houses were going on and it seemed obvious we had a maximum return for our time invested in the project. And, so satisfied, we repaired to the ice plant to get a chocolate milk. The ice plant was the only place open in Alachua at that time of night...and they sold chocolate milk! We bought chocolate milk from Mr. Gibson, the night worker. But before we could get it down Bob Owens made an appearance in a very agitated state. He directed us to line up and march in front of him to the jail which was just behind the ice plant. The jail was open to the street (Alley) and anyone in jail could be plainly seen by any passerby.

We wondered what to do....

The jail was unsanitary, to say the least, so we sat on the floor and weighed our options and then we realized we really had none.

At daylight a man who worked for my dad walked by on his way to work. I called out to him and told him that he was not to tell my mother, but to tell my dad that I needed to be released from my unjust imprisonment.

I later learned that he had become so excited by the sight of me in jail that he went directly to my house with the news that Mr. Pendley's son was imprisoned. My sister, Mary Delle, shortly came into view, all the while explaining her view that I was keeping bad company by running around with jailbirds (Which ignored the fact that I had encouraged the bell ringing) and her view that Bob Owens was a bad fellow to have imprisoned her young brother. I then asked her to go and explain all of that to Bob Owens, who lived just across the railroad tracks. SHE DID! Soon I could hear her dutifully explaining her view to Bob Owens, who hurriedly told her to tell Mr. Gibson (Who must have been the "keeper of the keys") to let us out. HE DID! Finally freedom and I was on my way home to a shower and lots of sleep.

Footnote # 1...The boys in jail with me were Bubba Smith, Ernest Mills, Billy Coker and Alvis Parker. There was another boy, but I can not remember his name. If he is present today I request that he identify himself!!

Footnote # 2... I'm happy to say that I never resented Mr. Owens about this incident.



Coach Sam Hendrix



Coach Avis Thomas



Cheerleaders

Cheerleaders, left to right—LaTrelle McLeod, Loyce Parker (head cheerleader), Rubye Shaw, Harriett Copeland, Barbara Jean Waters, Thelma Duke.

SONGS AND YELLS TO REMEMBER

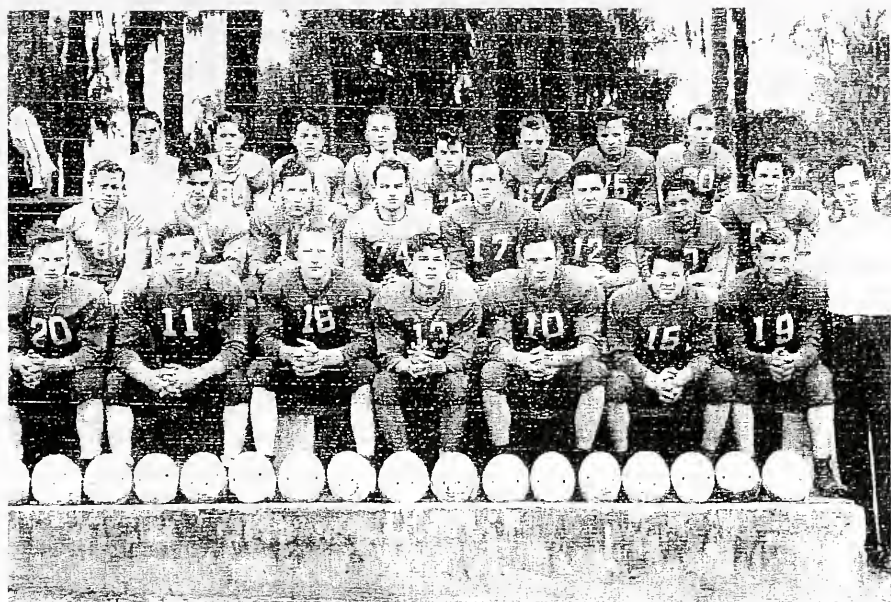
LOYALTY

"We're loyal to you, Alachua
 To the green and the white, Alachua
 We'll back you to stand against the
 best in the land
 For we know you will stand, Alachua!
 Rah! Rah!
 Go smashing ahead, Alachua
 Go crashing ahead, Alachua
 Our team is the best so take it
 home boys for we expect a
 Touchdown from you, Alachua!"

THE GREEN AND WHITE

Cheer for the green and white
 Waving forever, pride of old
 Alachua High, may she droop never!
 We'll sing a song for our school today
 and for our team at play
 On to the goal we'll fight our way
 for Alachua!

Go back! Go back! Go back to the woods! You haven't, you haven't,
 You haven't got the goods! You haven't got the rhythm, you haven't
 Got the jazz, you haven't got the team that Alachua has!



Football Squad

Left to right, front row—Rober Hicks, Billy Walker, Clarence Johnson, Bobby Gillis, Alvis Parker, Lewis Irby, R. L. Harrell and Coach Hendrix.

Second row—Troy Kirby, Herman Dority, Jerry Skirvin, Tommy Malphurs, Johnny Dampier, Dick Shealey (Captain), Kent Doke and Wilbur Phillips.

Third row—Howland Hines (Manager), Winton Dampier, John Richard, Ira Stidham, Tony Redd, Paul Emery, Don Parker and Jimmy Cason.

SEASON RECORD

Alachua	30	Williston	0
Alachua	26	Newberry	0
Alachua	0	Trenton	7
Alachua	0	High Springs	0
Alachua	13	Trenton	0
Alachua	30	Williston	6
Alachua	18	Jasper (Homecoming)	0
Alachua	6	Lake Butler	26
Alachua	6	Starke	12
Alachua	6	High Springs	6

A.H.S. Memories

George E. Spires - Class of '48

In thinking back to the "Mid - 1940's time period, I remember a couple of things that may be amusing.

For example during WWII gasoline and tires were rationed. As a result we found things to do closer to home. Our dads and some other men had little difficulty finding something to do. They found a way to have horse races in our community. Many local families owned horses. So it was only a matter of getting a time and place, getting the word out and "They will come". It was set up for races to be held every Wednesday afternoon, weekly. The race track was the dirt road through Bland, near Kent Doke's home. It was all quarter-horse racing. Us teen aged boys "Helped" by walking the horses, taking care of their saddles, riding horses after the race to cool them down and in many cases, riding as the jockey. I believe Paul Emery rode many times but I can't remember who else; maybe Kent Doke. Race day was a fun afternoon for us and our dads.

I also remember one night after a school function; Paul Emery was taking me to my home in LaCrosse. We were in his father's brand new Ford pick-up. At the same time Joe Shaw was driving his father's new Ford pick-up going to his home just beyond LaCrosse. One thing led to another and suddenly we were in a Ford pick-up race on the road from Alachua to LaCrosse. When we crossed the railroad tracks at Hainesworth we were going so fast we didn't even feel a bump; we literally flew over the crossing. It's significant to recall at this point that during our high school years the fence law was not in existence. Cows "Free-ranged" all over the state and for some unknown reason they liked to gather on some of the roadways at night. They even slept on the paved surfaces...looking for warmth

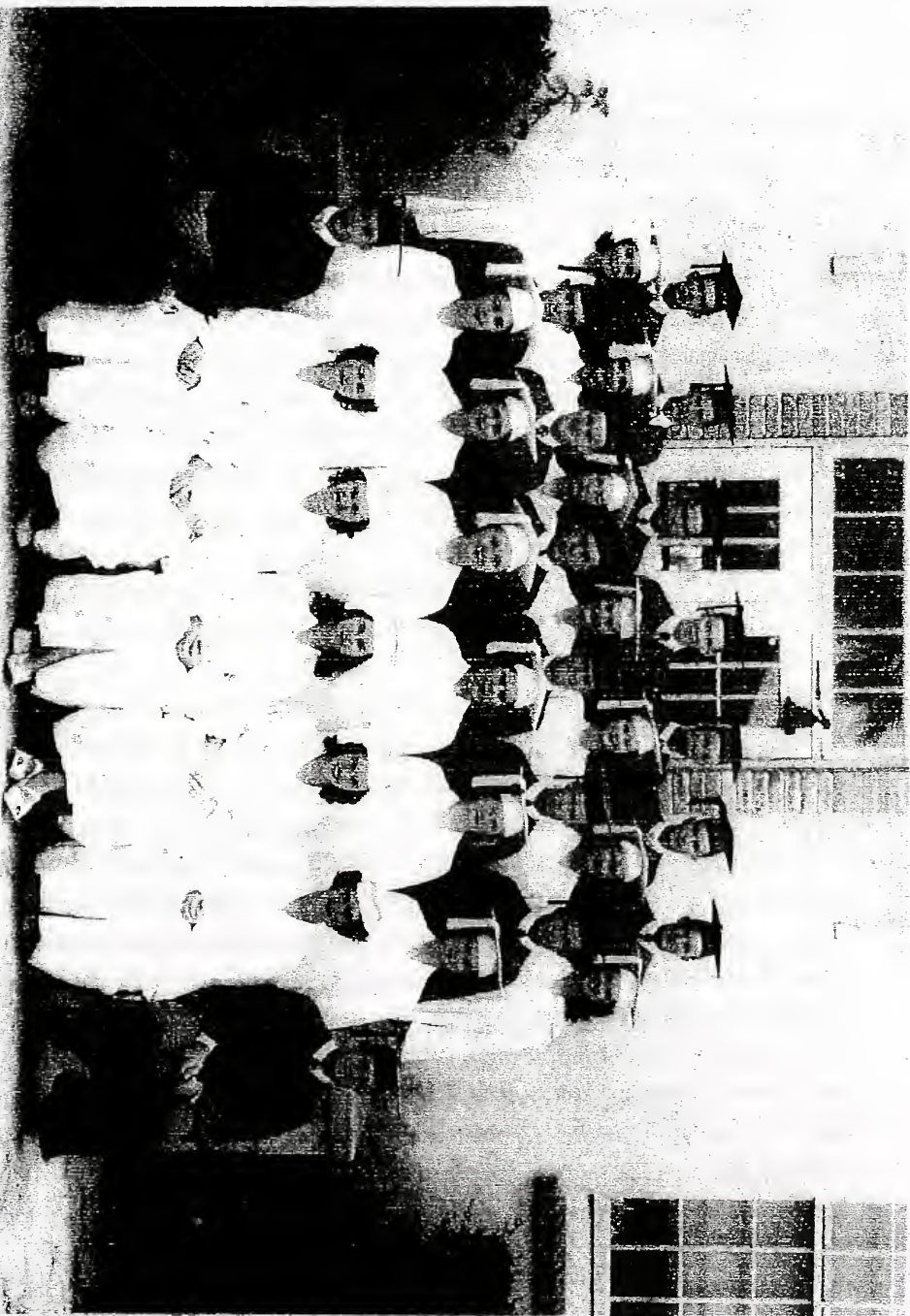
I guess. Of course what we didn't know is that on that particular night they had chosen a spot to congregate that's about a mile and a half past Hinesworth...just out of sight...around a slight curve. So, after the rail crossing we went "Pedal to the metal" on the 1 1/2 mile straightaway. Paul was ahead and when we rounded the curve we could see 35 to 45 cows "Reclining" on the roadway. There was no opening to get through the hers! There also was insufficient distance to brake to a stop and avoid hitting one to two cows...Big Cows at that. But Paul was a very skillful driver and did everything possible to avoid hitting any cow he could steer around. He braked hard and missed several but suddenly the way ahead was filled by what looked like a huge milk cow standing crosswise the road directly in front of us. We collided with a bang! Joe came sliding through behind us but managed to avoid ahead-on. He did hit one cow with the side of his truck and killed it instantly. Fortunately none of us guys were hurt. As I recall, Joe was alone but there were four of us in Paul's truck; not a scratch on anyone. It was at that point the impact of two damaged trucks hit us. You may remember those were the first new vehicles anyone in our community had received since WWII ended. While Joe's truck had only minor cosmetic damage....Paul's truck was a mess. The front grill and radiator were bent back into the engine. The most surprising thing was that neither father was irate about it. They must have concluded that lessons were learned by all of us. Indeed, they were right.

I also recall High School graduation night when six or seven of us guys went to Bill Snead's home afterward. The object of this get together was to celebrate graduation. I don't remember which of us had the booze but someone had a small part of a little bottle of bourbon and we were going to actively celebrate our independence. It so happened that Bill's family was gone for a day or two so we streamed over to Bill's house in Bland. We commenced to smoke cigarettes and taste someone's whiskey. Those taste were about one half teaspoon in size and tasted like cough medicine. Each taste was chased by a big swallow of Nehi Orange. Don't think anyone went back for seconds. Se we decided that this booze thing must not be all

that it was cracked up to be. We expected to be loud and unruly but we weren't. So we simply found a place to bed down and sleep. The next morning we departed for home and braced for a lecture for staying out all night without coordinating plans with our mom or dad before hand. Guess What?? No lectures. As best as I can recall those were a few incidents that have stuck in my memory over the years.

As a general rule, we were a pretty "Rules abiding" group. Most of us guys worked after school or ball practice. But we will remember other occasions as we reminisce and I'm looking forward to that.

1949



Memories of Alachua High
By, Kent Doke, Class of 49

There were many old customs still in place at Alachua High when I moved into the old two story building. The old bell was hanging in the belfry but was never used as we had an electric bell that was operated by the clock. For us class changes were new, with a different teacher each period. Study hall was new, I think we almost drove Mr. Futch crazy, there were paper airplanes flying everywhere during study hall. One of the things of great concern was every Boy had to run the belt line. All the Boys from eighth grade through the twelfth grade made two long lines and those Boys entering the seventh grade had to run between the lines with both lines swinging at them with their belts. It was a coming of age ritual that had all the boys worried.

I remember that I ran behind someone all the big boys wanted to hit so they didn't have time to draw back and hit me, I got by with only one or two hits.

I'll never forget my first class under Miss Dew. She had the reputation of being a very strict disciplinarian and as assistant principal she administered her own discipline. She always called you by your last name so when she called you, you felt like you were representing your whole family. At the time we had one hyper boy that continued to talk after she told him to stop. Finally she told him to come to the front of the room to be introduced to her board of education. Her board of education was a paddle about eighteen inches long cut from a two by four. The handle was rounded to fit her hand and the blade had been thinned to about one half inch with a hole bored in the middle. This young man thought this was going to be a light paddling and while bending over her desk he was making faces to the rest of the class. I had no idea she was so strong, I think she hit him as hard as she could about five times.

After he left with tears streaming she never had any more trouble from him or any of the rest of us.

The day after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on Sunday December 7, 1941, our Principal, Mr. Padgett, had all the grades assemble in the auditorium to hear President Roosevelt's speech on the radio. With every head bowed as in prayer someone started playing taps. I hadn't seen anyone with a bugle so I had to look. I still couldn't see anyone with a bugle and finally realized that Mr. Padgett was doing taps with his lips!! (He did a great job.)

One of the really great memories for me was during world war two when Zeke Bagwell buzzed the school flying a fighter plane. He made three or four passes coming from the West just over the Lewis house, then gunning the motor he dropped down to about six feet, roared across the playground, then just South of the big pine in front of the school he pulled up sharply to clear the elementary building. Of course today he would be in serious trouble but during the war we all thought it was great.

During the war the wives of two Army Officers stationed at Camp Blanding taught at Alachua High. They were the very proper Mrs. Rose and the kind of flirty Mrs. Minks, they both were from California. I'll never forget one cold morning, we were in the big upstairs room in the Northeast corner and Mrs. Rose had some of the boys get wood for the stove from the wood shed. Burgess had a big pile of fat kindling to start fires and they brought that back. She sensed something was wrong and asked about the wood but was assured the wood was damp and would burn slowly.

Thank goodness the stove was in the middle of the room, the stove and the stove pipe got so hot it turned a cherry red almost to the corner of the room. It was so hot we had to sit around the sides of the room.

Miss Vidal, who was later Mrs. Tyner, did a great job with the Glee Club, we went to State meets and came back with some of the

highest rankings. She would brag on the bass section so I always thought she was great.

Mister Cates came in as our Principal and I think he was ahead of the times. He knew how to motivate students, plus he felt that travel was educational. He let us go on trips, and some were overnight. I'll never forget going to Jacksonville, going up in a float plane off the St. Johns River and seeing yellow-brown stain in the river from each of the sewer pipes dumping raw sewage into the river. I must have toured the State Prison four or five times, those trips made me realize I never wanted to be a permanent resident.

Our senior class took an over night trip to the insane asylum in Chattahoochee. Mr. Cates said that one of them had the job of sweeping the sun off of the porch every day.

The summer of our junior year Mr. Cates went to Summer School in Washington DC and offered to show any of us around Washington and New York if we would meet him after his classes were over. Franklin Copeland and I took him up on his offer and met him in Washington. We saw the Smithsonian, the Capital, Lincoln memorial and most other points of interest in Washington. In New York we saw The Rockettes, Chinatown, Central park and had the unbelievable experience of driving under the Hudson River in the Holland Tunnel. On the way home we stopped in Philadelphia and saw the Liberty Bell. Mr. Cates loved to play mind games, I'll never forget passing other cars, we would wave as if we knew the people in the other car, usually they would wave back and wonder where they had met those people in the car with the Florida license plate.

In sports we were in the Suwannee Conference and we did very well. I still remember Lewis Irby winning the Conference basketball Championship with a desperation shot from mid court as the buzzer went off and I'll never forget Ira Stidham falling down and catching a long pass lying on his back the night we played High

Springs in football. We didn't have a gym so we played basketball on a clay court East of the Elementary building. The court was at the top of the hill overlooking the football field so if someone missed a pass it might roll fifty yards before it stopped.

I was always proud of our cheer leaders, they were the best. Our senior year we had Thelma Dukes, Jean Seger, Quinnell Herndon, La Trelle Mc Cloud, Ramona Matthews and Martha Copeland. I'm sure we all remember our Junior Senior Banquets and Skit Night, I still remember Barbara Ann Trowbridge doing the Highland Fling for Skit Night and Raymond Skirvin playing the lead roll in our Senior play.

There were always stories about pranks being played but I'm sure that all those upright, downright good students of Alachua High would never stoop to such skullduggery. Rumors were that Sugarcane and watermelon stealing took place and the old bell rang in the middle of the night for no reason at all. There was one rumor that goats found their way into Mr. Cates' office over the Christmas Holidays one year but no one ever fessed up. If you are the one that dreamed up that brilliant scheme the statue of limitations has run out on everything but murder so it would be a great time to claim credit!!

One of the funniest things that I remember involved the basketball team. It only took two or three cars to take the team to away games and since the games were in the winter they would crowd into a car turn on the heater and roll all the windows up. Needless to say if some one had a flatulent problem everyone in the car shared it with him. The night before the following game Billy _____ decided to eat a large dinner of beans to make the trip to the game more interesting. When everyone loaded up and Mr. Cates drove out Billy _____ decided, why wait, so with a mighty heave he made his move to get things going right. To his surprise he ended up with a solid

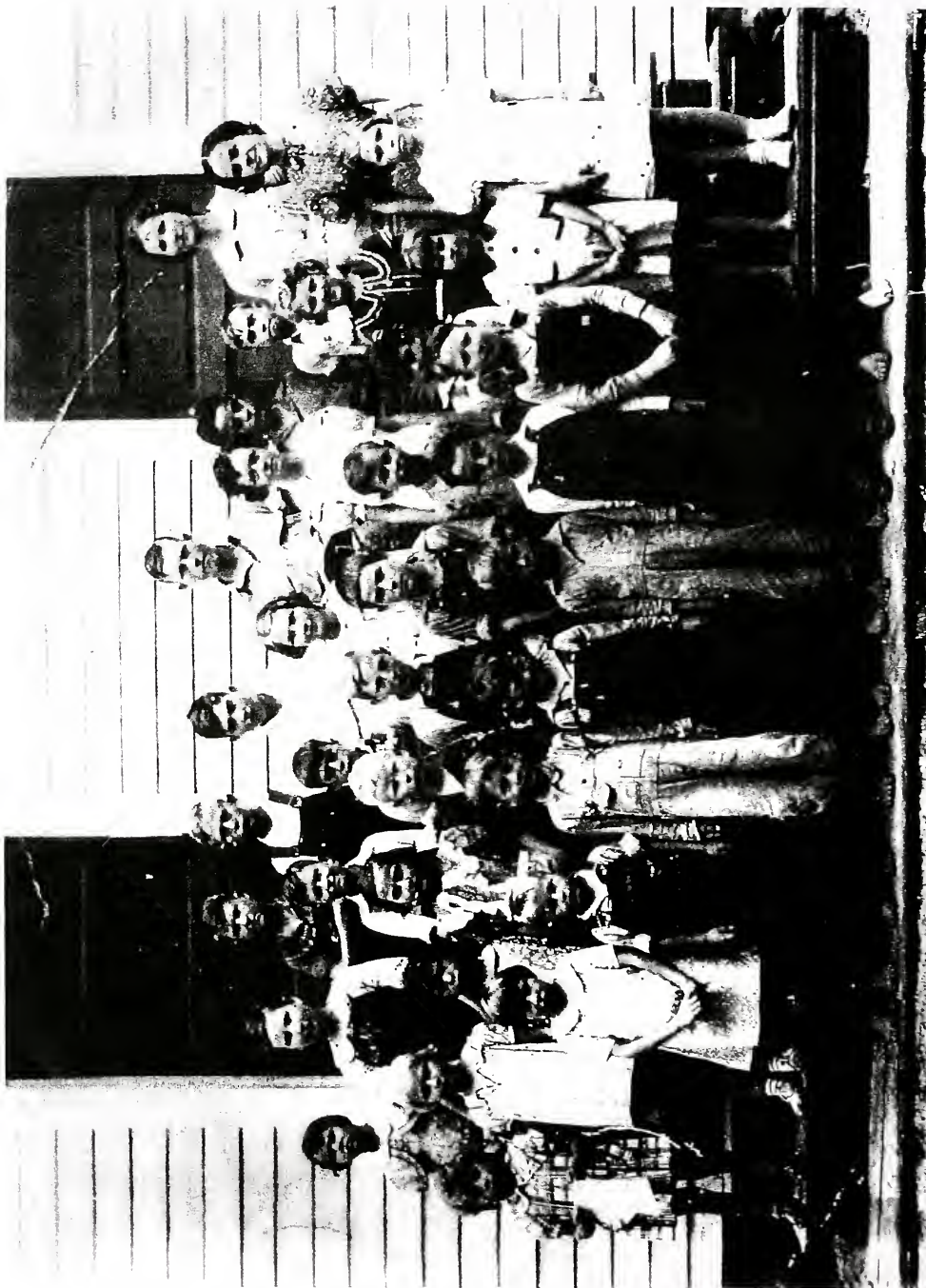
reason for Mr. Cates to bring everyone back to the School so he could take Billy _____ home for a quick change of clothes.

Miss Dew and Mrs. Johnson swapped back and forth As home room teachers and I ended up in Mrs. Johnson's through the upper grades. She loved literature and I loved to read and I think that helped me graduate. I still remember some of the quotes she had us learn.

We 49ers were always a close knit class and I think we have had more class reunions than anyone else. We started having them every year five or six years after we graduated and changed to every other year about thirty years ago.

Alachua High was a great place and a great experience. For many of us, those were the best years of our lives!!





BLAND SCHOOL - 1937

1ST ROW:

DELLA COX - R. B. CLARK - GENE COX - ROY ALLIGOOD -
KENT DOKE - BOB RICHARD - MARVIN ALLIGOOD.

2ND ROW:

ANN RICHARD - COLEEN BOSTON - FLOY ANN SMITH -
 PONS - C. D. HENRY - J. T. VAUGHN - MURRY HENRY -
GETZEN COX - TOMMY MALPHURS - IRENE BRYANT -
KATHLEEN SMITH.

3RD ROW:

FAYE MALPHURS - VIOLA HENRY - RANDAL POPE - ERNEST
SWILLEY - EVA COX - SHIRLEY POPE - MARY ALLIGOOD -
TEACHER - DALLAS MATTCHEP.

4TH ROW:

HERMAN BRYANT - PAUL SMITH - PETE WITT - RAY
ALLIGOOD - CALVIN RICHARD - BERYL SWILLEY - TEACHER -
MAE VAUGHN.



Thelma Duke Gillis

To any Alachua Indian who wants to spend time reading the thoughts of Thelma Duke Gillis. Let me warn you – there is nothing illegal or salacious included.

My introduction to the School System in Alachua began mid sixth grade when my Family moved from Gainesville. I loved the school from the beginning even though I was surprised to see some students going "barefoot."

Seventh grade was the move to the big building and all those "older" students. It was hard not to be intimidated. The big event in 7th grade was skit night and I was given a part acting as if I was the driver of a car with my kids in the back (by the way we won). Mr. George Dansby was directing us and I was to act mad at the children because they were misbehaving. I didn't act mad enough so Mr. Dansby shook me by the shoulders and popped me in the face to get me charged up. Well, he did and I hit him back, knocking his glasses off and breaking them. I was scared to go to school the next day, but nothing more was said.

One other event I remember well was the head lice epidemic in the 7th grade. One girl with long hair had the desk in front of me in one class and I saw these critters crawling around not knowing at the time what they were. I found out the hard way.

Eighth grade began an awareness of boys. One who began coming to my home was Delmar Pendley. That was short lived because my daddy said he was too old to be hanging around me. Daddy was right.

Sports and cheerleading became important beginning in the ninth grade especially being a cheerleader. Besides getting to show off, we girls got to go to the games on the school bus with the football players. It was always a race to the bus after the game to get a seat in the back. Draw your own conclusions. Ninth grade brought a change in our class with the addition of students from La Crosse. I especially remember my first impression of the Colsons--- how pretty Louise was and how good looking Hugh was. Bessie Chesser was a favorite because she was so much fun having a great sense of humor.

I developed a special friendship with Barbara Jean Waters. We lived across the street from each other and spent lots of time together. Saturdays were big in Alachua. We thought we were "hot stuff" going two blocks away to down town going to the movie theatre (when we had one) and checking out Thigpen's Drug Store in hopes of running into someone interesting. Bobbie was two grades ahead of me so when she went off to College I really missed her. When the time came for marriage we were in each others weddings and we stay in touch to this day. I treasure my friends and four of us (in the same grade) are Mildred Spencer, Jean Seger and Barbara Ann Trowbridge. We had lots of fun together sometimes spending the night at Barbara Anns' staying up talking about what else – boys with our hair rolled up in socks. Jean had a crush on James Lewis and I had one on Donald Gillis (my future) and we double dated. Donald was also an Alachua Indian graduating in the 1944 Class. Some things do come full circle. The first AHS reunion in 1998 brought Delmar Pendley back into my life (Donald died in 1994) and this time Daddy wasn't there to interfere. Del and I have been companions now for almost twelve years even though he lives in St Augustine and I homestead here in Gainesville. We travel together having made trips West into Mexico and the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

Some thoughts of my Teachers

The first one that comes to mind is Mrs. Jessie Johnson. She was our homeroom teacher for four years. I never did find out if she requested us or if we were pushed on her. Imagine having Lewis Irby, Raymond Skirvin, Jimmie Cason and Kent Doke all in the same grade. And there were others too many to name.

Miss Bernice Dew was special to everyone. Now who can say anything but something good about her. The same for Miss Pat Robarts – always a favorite.

Remember the Thomas sisters, Murial and Avis? How about the boys in Avis Thomas' math class eyeing her legs when she would reach up high to write on the blackboard and her skirt would "hike up" in the back.

I remember Miss Lucille Ellis even though I did not have her as a teacher. The Ellis home was across the street and the time was during World War Two. She had a friendship with a soldier during this time. He would come from Camp Blanding to visit her and she would dress up for him even putting ribbons in her hair. I thought that was so romantic – end of the war and end of the soldier.

Some Thoughts about Mr. Cates

He had some definite ideas about how we girls should act. This came out when I was in ninth grade and began my first year as a cheerleader. We had green skirts and white sweaters. Mr. Cates took one look at our skirts at the first wearing and decreed they were too short. We had to have them remade to cover our knees! He also said we were not to move our hips around in a suggestive manner so we didn't. At our Junior and Senior proms we only had square dancing, none of that close body contact. I remember Mr. Cates as a very kind man who always seemed to put the students first. I had a lot of respect for him. It had to be a difficult job.

And now my fellow Indians I know reading all this may have been a difficult job for you. God bless all of you!

Thelma Duke Gillis,
Class of 1949

Memories
Marion Leota Youmans
Class of 1949
The Feen-E-Mint Football Game

Let me say we grew up in the best of times where every one was honest and no one got in trouble. There were plenty of jokes and funny things that could crack up a class in an instant. I did my share! This particular thing we did I think was hilarious. There were five LaCrosse girls; Christine Wilson, Betty Jo Philpot, Bessie Chesser, Louise Colson and I. We were all in the same grade in Alachua High. We had permission to go down town for lunch and would play tricks on each other like kicking dirt in each other's shoes or, if you didn't guard your food one of us would sabotage it in some way.

All our lockers were open and we could put anything in them and it would be safe. Except, maybe chewing gum or candy. I admit it was my idea and everyone was in on it except for Louise Colson. After lunch we all headed for Thigpen' Drug Store where we bought eight boxes of Chicklets and eight boxes of Feen-E-Mint. Carefully we emptied the contents, swapped the boxes and placed them in each of our lockers. Needless to say the "Chicklets" were soon gone. It was a football night and the four of us had front row seats. For some strange reason the players kept running up the hill in direction of the restroom. They just seemed to be having the hardest time trying to stay on the football field. Can you imagine? I can see you are thinking ahead of me. Finally one player was so weak he fell and couldn't seem to move. The coach came over the loudspeaker and called, "Dr. Goode, come quickly. Something is happening to my boys". Oh, did I mention, the game was with Lake Butler, one of our biggest rivals. We lost the game! I have often wondered what the uniforms looked like at the laundry-mat. Talk about being mum!! None of us breathed a word of this for at least twenty years. I finally told my mother what we had done and I thought she was going to have a heart attack. Wouldn't you know, she bumped into Mrs. Johnson and told her. Miss Jessie just cracked up laughing but she

never squealed on us. God bless her!!!

Need I say more about the four, the same four, Christine, Betty Jo, Bessie and I? I didn't give sir names but by the given names everyone know for sure the members of the group who were always thinking, "What Next".

Two of us wore sandals and two wore saddle oxfords and we always had very sharp pencils. All Christine and I had to do was stick a pencil in the toe of our shoe, sit with our hands on the desk, locate the crack in the seat in front of us and give the occupant a good, hard jab! The reaction was instant and for us, rewarding. Of course we were little angels that would never dream of doing anything that would cause pain for any of our fellow students. Everyone had to be VERY careful when choosing a seat. We did get called into Mr. Cates' office, but only for laughing which had caused more laughing. He had no idea what was going on. I can still see both hands of the victim of the moment going up high with a good scream at the same time.

The boys picked on us and when seated in one of the old style desk they could sit down beside someone and quickly bump that person out of their seat onto the floor and get back in their seat before the teacher would see them. The victim had a hard time explaining why they were on the floor. No one squealed on them. Who would believe such a thing anyway?

We all had such a wonderful time, the very best teachers anywhere and we loved all of them. The one teacher that got our attention and kept it was, you guessed it, Miss Bernice Dew. No one got past those eyes. I really loved every one of them and still remember each one and the things they taught us. God bless them and all my classmates whom I love so much. I keep all of you in my prayers and the way we gather together when we lose one hurts my heart. I learned a long time ago to never sign out without saying those three little words, as one may never have that chance again. Those words are to ALL OF YOU: " I LOVE YOU "

Marion Leota Youmans Parish



1949

Alachua High School Class of 1949
2010 Reunion

Going back in time to 1937 is really pushing it, but here goes!
Since my birthday is in November and school started in September, I recall my unprepared beginning at age 5. I did not want to go to school or do anything they were doing. We did not have kindergarten then, so first grade was our beginning. In this day and age I would be an unruly child! I was saved by Miss Cauthen and Mildred Spencer who was assigned to keep me occupied with crayons and coloring books and keep me from crying. About the middle of the year, I decided it was ok. Mildred continues to be my friend to this day.

We all had to bring our lunch in those early years. We usually ate outside quickly so we could play the rest of our allotted time! There were some things we were told not to do, but rebel Barbara did anyway. I do remember several "spanking" at school and again at home when Mother found out about my behavior.

I think we progressed to a cafeteria in maybe 5th grade. Hot meals in the winter were a welcome addition. Many of our mothers were instrumental in bringing this about. They also volunteered as staff to prepare and serve meals in the beginning until the school could provide staff.

Through the years, our class grew as students transferred from other areas to the High School, beginning 7th grade. Now began the change to different classrooms and new teachers for each subject. Thought we were really grown up then! We had some classes that are no longer taught in many schools.

In sewing class, I had to make a dress with "gussets". I completed the dress but it did not enhance my love of sewing. My Mother, as many did in those days, tried to make a seamstress out of me. Didn't take in my case, but did work for my older sister, Betty! The cooking class was great fun. We had to sample each others finished products, razz those who did not finish on time. I think these classes would be very beneficial today. Many young people never learn these skills, too many "ready mades" available.

Our teachers were very diverse as in Miss Dew. She had been teaching so long, she even taught my father! She would tell you to turn to a page number and recite what was written without a book in her hand. Guess they did not change text books very often then. I won't name all the teachers and classes but each taught with pride and expertise that left a lasting addition to our lives.

We caused "quite a stir" when Mildred, myself, and I think Thelma or Jean and Alda broke into the boys world and took physics and chemistry! Girls didn't usually try those subjects in those days nor were they thought to be necessary for our education. I found them to be a very good foundation for many of the subjects required for Nursing School which became my chosen profession. Before there were separate departments to use and maintain equipment, nurses had to do it! We made our own IV fluids and formulated

other chemicals used in patient care. As they say in the world today, "We have come a long way BABY!"

In High School we could participate in competitive sports. I loved basketball the most. We lost the State Championship by one point as I missed the last shot!! Bad memory for me!

We had softball, volleyball, track and of course football. Jean Segar and Thelma Duke were two of the cheerleaders. Had some special times on those bus rides to and home from the games, remember someone sneaking on a six pack of beer. First time some of us had ever tasted the forbidden.

In my senior year I coached the 7th grade in basketball. They played in competition with other schools and won most of our games. I think they enjoyed it, I know I did.

There were school plays most years. I don't remember the name of the play, only that Lewis Irby and I had to dance the Highland Fling. You could not rent costumes then and I don't recall having tights. Does anyone remember a bright yellow bathing suite bottom under my kilt? Ha! Ha! Lewis had really cute legs too!

My cousin, Jean Segar came to live with us in the 9th grade. We were not only cousins, but kindred spirits. Now there were two of us to instigate new adventures both at school (with cohorts Mildred and Thelma) and at home teasing our sister Betty. Jean became my other sister! We were playing doubles at tennis once, I hit the ball, and she connected under my nose... Talk about a facelift, this was only a nose reposition. Was not too funny then, but brings back fond memories of our early years.

Loved sharing our adventures with our classmates! One school trip we took to the beach, we stopped at a reptile farm. Can you imagine me with a live indigo snake around my neck? Another of these times was spending the weekend at Mrs. Wilkerson home on the lake. She was our coach and math teacher. There was a home and a boat house with a nice dock. We played and swam all day. Nights were spent on the dock under the stars or in the boathouse. Rock you right to sleep! Too much to do, so sleeping was at a minimum.

In the summer many of the fellows had to stay at the tobacco barns to keep the heat at the right temperature at night. Several of us would get a couple of cars, prepare ice cream churns and make the rounds to all the tobacco barns. They could not leave, so we came to them for a fun cool evening.

In one of our last summers together, we were invited to spend the week at Manatee Springs. Our class sponsor, Mrs. Johnson, had some family cabins there! The boys had one, girls stayed in another. This was before it became a state park. We were chaperoned by Mildred's older brother! It was a more trusting world then. The Johnson's would come about two or three times in the week to bring food and check on us. We had great cookouts and fun together swimming and boating. The fellows would take some of the

girls out to teach them how to fish! Most of us knew, but why spoil a good thing. Yes we did catch some—FISH.

On the night of graduation we had a heavy storm. The lights were out so we marched down the isle by candle light. It was very hot under those robes. We were on the stage in the dark. Some began unzipping and loosening clothing, trying to survive the heat! Suddenly the lights came on! Amazing how fast adjustments can be made when needed.

Many of our friendships have lasted thorough the years even as we went our separate ways to new challenges. Professions, marriages, children, tragedies and deaths. all a part of living and dealing with the best and worst things about life!

As of this date, we have lost many of our classmates, but our memories of them will always be with us. They are missed. I'll end this with a toast to all of us who made this journey together.

Best Wishes to All,

Barbara Trowbridge Reid

ALACHUA HIGH SCHOOL

by Lonita Robarts McGill

Class of '49

When my family moved from Texas to Florida, I was fortunate to attend Alachua High School my senior year. It was more of my good fortune to be a member of the class of 1949. This was a close class which opened it's door to a new member with open arms. There are many fond memories of that school year. What made this class special was the people. Most of all, these relationships have lasted over 60 years. I do not know of any class which has had more reunions than this one. There were some caring classmates that made this happen.

Memories of Alachua High

Jimmy Cason - Class of '49

At Alachua High we had an outdoor clay basketball court. At one point during the latter part of the season we were playing Williston at home. Williston was leading 20 - 18. Our coach at that time would not permit us to make a shot with one hand or make long shots. If we did we were taken out of the game to sit on the bench. I brought the ball up the court and as soon as I crossed the mid-point line I took a long shot with two hands. I made the goal, making the score 20 - 20. A few minutes later, John Richard, who had seen me make the long shot decided to shoot one also. He made the goal! Alachua won 22 - 20. I always felt that if I had not tried the shot, John would have never tried it either.

My memories of Alachua High

by Mildred Spencer - Class of '49

Often on Sunday afternoons our parents would take Quinell and me on a long, slow afternoon drive. Anyone that remembers the narrow old two lane 441 road between High Springs and Alachua would know there was always a string of cars behind the first car that was slow. Quinell and I decided to make faces at the next car to come up behind us. We pulled our eyes down along with our mouths, making horrible looking faces. When the car passed us the driver was Mr. Cates. We almost died of embarrassment as he waved at us.

I remember the first time I first saw plastic wrap. I think it was sent over to the Home Ec. Department from the U. of F. An orange was cut in half with this clear covering on it.

I was never very good at sports, but I always made the team. It was probably because every warm body was needed to have enough to practice. In softball I played left field. I didn't worry that someone would hit one over my head because I played out so far and prayed that a ball wouldn't come my way. In basketball I was on the second team. We played at LaCrosse and at Forest Grove. At LaCrosse I umpired a game between Gainesville High School and another team. There was a big girl named George on the GHS team. She hit the net and I called it. The coach had told me not to let them bluff me once I made the call. George tried but I stood firm. Many years later I saw her at a wedding and she remembered that game.

I started first grade at Alachua and finished there. I cried and cut up so that my Daddy would come and get me early. The children who lived in town went home at lunch time for the first six weeks of school so I thought why should I have to stay. My parents would talk

real loud to each other when they wanted us to hear something and we were not in their presence. I heard my Daddy tell Mother he was tired of having to go to school to get me after he got off his route. You know, I did not cry anymore about coming home early. I got the message. The same thing happened when they discussed paying for music lessons when the only time I touched the piano was while taking the lessons.

Many years of my life have been spent on those old school grounds; twelve years the first go-round and thirty four and one half years of teaching first grade and kindergarten. At one time there were four of us teaching there that had graduated from AHS. They were Ethel Phillips, Mary Francis Harrington, Vada Beutke and me.

Memories of Alachua High

Bobby Clark - Class of '50

I, Bobby Clark, came to Alachua School when I was in the third grade. I was sick a great deal and because of this I failed the fourth grade. When I was in the fifth grade I heard a lot of talk about Lucille Ellis. However, most of it proved to have been exaggerated a little and I learned a lot from Miss Ellis.

When I got to the seventh grade all the high school boys thought they had to initiate us by running us through the "Belt Line". Mr. Cates had "Outlawed" this custom but one day when he was away from school they ran us through anyway. Someone hit me with a belt buckle on my ankle. I still have a scar from that blow.

My last years of high school I was captain of the School Boy Patrol. We had to cross busy highway 441 and there were no red lights or the cross walk which is there now. This was quite a responsibility for high school boys and we took it seriously.

In high school we took Agriculture from Mr. Dansby. We raised chickens and then canned them in the cannery which was on the school grounds. We grew vegetables and canned them also. The reason for this was to make enough money for a trip to Washington, D.C. Only twenty guys could go on this trip and you had to have \$50. 00 in the bank to be allowed to go. Mr. Dansby rented a school bus for the trip. We took the back seats out and put a gas stove, our sleeping bags, and other needed supplies in that space as we planned to cook and sleep outside. One night on the way we stayed in Army Barracks in Alexandria, Virginia. They had a nice, big kitchen we were allowed to use. One night we slept in an open field and the next morning we awoke to find ourselves looking into big, brown cow eyes!!

While we were in Washington, D.C. we visited the Washington

Monument, the Bureau of Engraving, the Capitol, Mt. Vernon, The Smithsonian Museum and took a boat trip on the Potomac River.

We fired our bus driver for the trip home and one of the students drove the bus back. We stayed in a hotel in Sumter, South Carolina on the way home. When we got home we each got \$7.50 back from our original fifty dollars. This was in the late 1940's. Can you imagine what it would cost to make that trip now???

I want to tell you about what the boys in Alachua got into at Halloween. We took an "Outhouse" and put it in the middle of the street in Alachua. Once we took the benches from in front of the drug store and put them up on top of the cover over the sidewalk. It seemed like everyone in town knew what was going on. Bob Owens was the Police Chief and he seemed to know just who to ask to get them back down.

My last months in high school I had four subjects in the morning and two study halls in the afternoon. I would go home and get some sleep before going to work at Skeet's Corner in High Springs. I worked from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. seven days a week.

The softball teams went to High Springs for a game. Mr. Cates looked for me and my buddies to take the softball team their lunch. We had skipped school and were already there!! When my buddies got back to school, Mr. Cates called them all in and told them he was going to expel them; just give them their diplomas and not let them graduate with the rest. When I came to school the next morning I was called in also. Mr. Cates told me he was going to expel me and just give me my diploma. I told him to just give it to me now! So he called the other boys in and let us go. We graduated with the rest of our class at the end of the year. I got off work that morning and went to work at the clubhouse and helped decorate. Henry Moore and I doubled dated that night.

DOES ANYONE REMEMBER.....

The day in Mrs. Cates's Home Economics class that we discovered the newborn mice in the overstuffed couch??? They had just been born and I remember them being very, very pink.... What happened to them???? Who did away with them??????

Ernestine McLeod Courtney
Class of '51

Alachua High Memories

Shirley Traxler Johnson

Class of '51

Story 1.

Growing up in Alachua meant happy days of going over to the Harris/Rooks home which was across the street and two houses north. They had the best play house under their front porch. We played there and pretended to be cooking and entertaining. Yes, we "Cooked" mud pies and big feasts and just pretended. Lora and Sandra Rooks and I had a wonderful time together.

Story 2.

Another time, Lora, Sandra and I had heard about Rabbit Tobacco and I think I convinced them to try it. We all tried it while we were under the front porch. We had to fan big time to get rid of the smoke. We got caught because Sandra got sick and told on us. We were forbidden to do that again. We were all good girls after that...to this very day.

Story 3.

One time we were all riding our tricycles on the Harris/Rooks sidewalk. For some reason we hung a lovely little crystal basket on the handle bars of my tricycle and guess what??? It BROKE! "Miss" Ollie Mae (Their mom) and "Miss" Idella (Their grandmother) were there to keep me from getting into too much trouble with them and my parents. I was very grateful for their guidance.

Story 4.

I was never much good at sports, but I did make the "B" squad in basketball. The only game I remember was a game in Lake Butler. It much not have been a very exciting game as the final score was 5 to 3 in their favor.

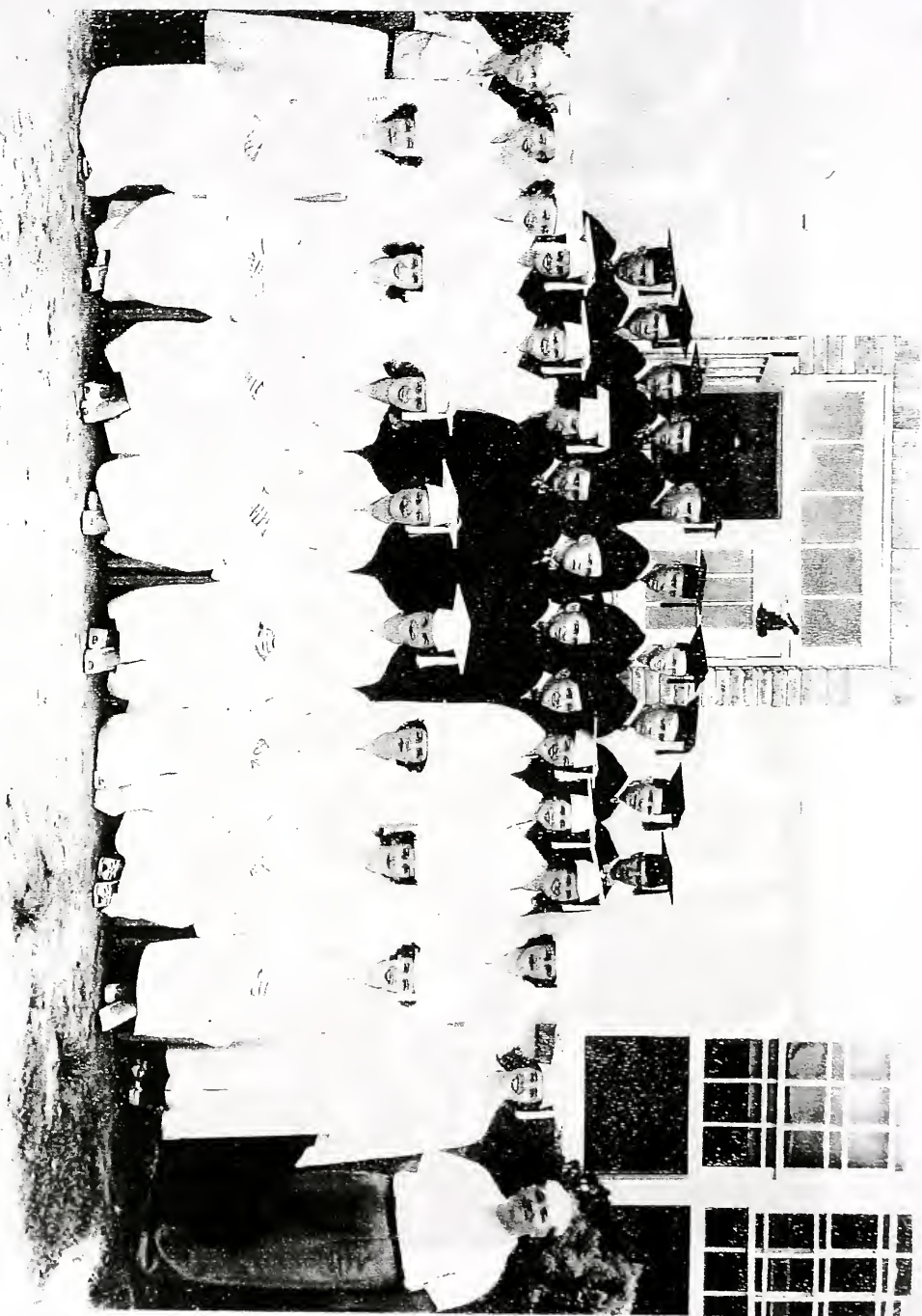
Story 5.

My brother, Kenneth Traxler, taught me how to play tennis. I played on the AHS team and ended up going to the county tennis tournament. I won the county championship...but there were only three girls in the tournament.

Story 6.

In the ninth grade a cute little girl, Janie Holloway, moved to Alachua and joined our class. We hit it off and became best high school friends. We are still best friends to this day.





1952

School Days at Alachua High School

September 1940 – June 1952

Nancy Duke Ervin

These are my reflections as a student at Alachua High School. My first grade teacher was Hortense Meggs, who married Allen Cauthen at the end of the year. The following are students that made the journey through school to graduation in 1952: Ralph Cellon, Jr., Gerald Cain, Wilda Welch Richard, Patricia Harrison Redd, Norma Jean Trowbridge Moore, Lora Rooks Patterson, Eleanor Walker Burns, Annette Hardee Swearingen, Delano Waters, Jack Copeland, Carl Emery, Larry Pope, Dwight Cullen, and Mary Yvonne Dampier Bass.

The big events of this year was learning to read, the train ride on "Peggy" to Burnett's Lake, and learning to jump rope. Mr. Sidney Padgett was our principal.

Hazel McCoy Williams had our attention in second grade. World War II began in December of that year and life changed for all of us and our families.

One thing that I have always remembered was one day during rest period Mrs. Williams was out of the room. She came back in to noise! It was Wilbur Copeland and Barbara Dell that were not being quiet, but I had my head up "blowing my nose," and got a "whack" of the paddle. My heart was broken and on the way home from school I went into the drug store crying. Hoy Williams was the pharmacist and I told him what had happened. Later that day Mrs. William came by the house and apologized to me.

Miss Mae Vaughn came to Alachua after they closed Bland school and was our third grade teacher. Jimmy Fitzgerald and Edward Feagle joined us that year. Do you remember Fred Smith coming to our class to teach us how to draw trees? Miss Mae would later move to the second grade and taught in that position until her retirement.

Our fourth grade teacher was Mary Enneis McLeod. She introduced Florida History.

We had Helen Hobbs Wallace as a music teacher and the entire school put on an Operetta. We had several of these.

The War was raging and the school had "Scrap Iron Drives and War Bond Stamp drives."

We had Miss Lucille Ellis in the fifth grade. I really enjoyed and learned so very much from Miss Ellis. We had been told of the "dreaded rubber strap and the eraser she would throw at you when she deemed it necessary"! I remember learning so much about Indians and their way of life. We built an Indian Village on the east side of the basketball court and called our selves living the life of Indians I always enjoyed the books she read to the class. Her home was damaged during the early part of the term when a hurricane came through Alachua. One of those big oaks that were plentiful in Alachua was the culprit. Norma Lee Jordan joined our class from Keystone Heights.

This was the year that Mr. Donald Cates came to Alachua as our new principal. There had been several since Mr. Padgett. These men were drafted into service to our country. Mr. Cates, would change education at Alachua High School into an institution that was recognized as number three in the nation for a school of its size.

The Parent Teacher Association had built a cafeteria, managed by Mrs. Lillian Irby. Students took turns being cafeteria helpers. Mrs. Bonnie Robarts put up with us in the sixth grade. Lots of days, the lesson plan was not followed due to some "tangent" that we as a group had gotten Mrs. Bonnie distracted and off the lesson plans. War ended during this year.

During our elementary days we had "May Day, Alachua County Field Day and many other activities." Don't let me forget the Halloween Carnivals and chicken and rice suppers in the cafeteria.

The large auditorium was used by the entire school and community. I remember being in the auditorium to listen to the funeral of our President Franklin Roosevelt.

We went to the seventh grade in that big two story building. So many things to learn and changing classes was a challenge.

"Don't run on the stairs being rule number one. Some of our teachers in the first two years were Mrs. Sistrunk, Pat Robarts, Mrs. Winonah Pettit and Coach Avis Wilkinson.

Beta Club was chartered by Mary Elizabeth Irby, who was an elementary class teacher and I was tapped to be a member. A week before school began in our ninth year I went to school each day and helped Mrs. C. T. Johnson get the Library ready for the school year.

We were anticipating the new member that would be coming to AHS from LaCrosse. Tommy Strickland, Bea Strickland, Bill Dampier, Ronnie Taylor, Jimmy Spires and Maude Thomas were students from LaCrosse, and Kenneth Cellon came from Gainesville to be the infamous freshmen class.

School has many memories for me, but I think, no, I know that my years of being a student of Mrs. Evalena Cates were ones that continue to instill the lessons I had been taught by my parents. I really don't think there was anything that we didn't dwell into. There was cooking, sewing and learning how we were suppose to "behave" in life. My experiences in Future Homemakers, Going to state conventions, leadership training camp at Camp O'Lena, and in June of 1950 I was asked along with Ann Cellon Austin and Mary Louise Doke Colson to be representatives to the National convention in Kansas City, MO. That was a wonderful thirteen day trip. The Korean Conflict started while we were there. I remember the "troop trains" coming into Kansas City. All I wanted to do was get back home to Alachua. I knew that my older brother, George would be called to duty.

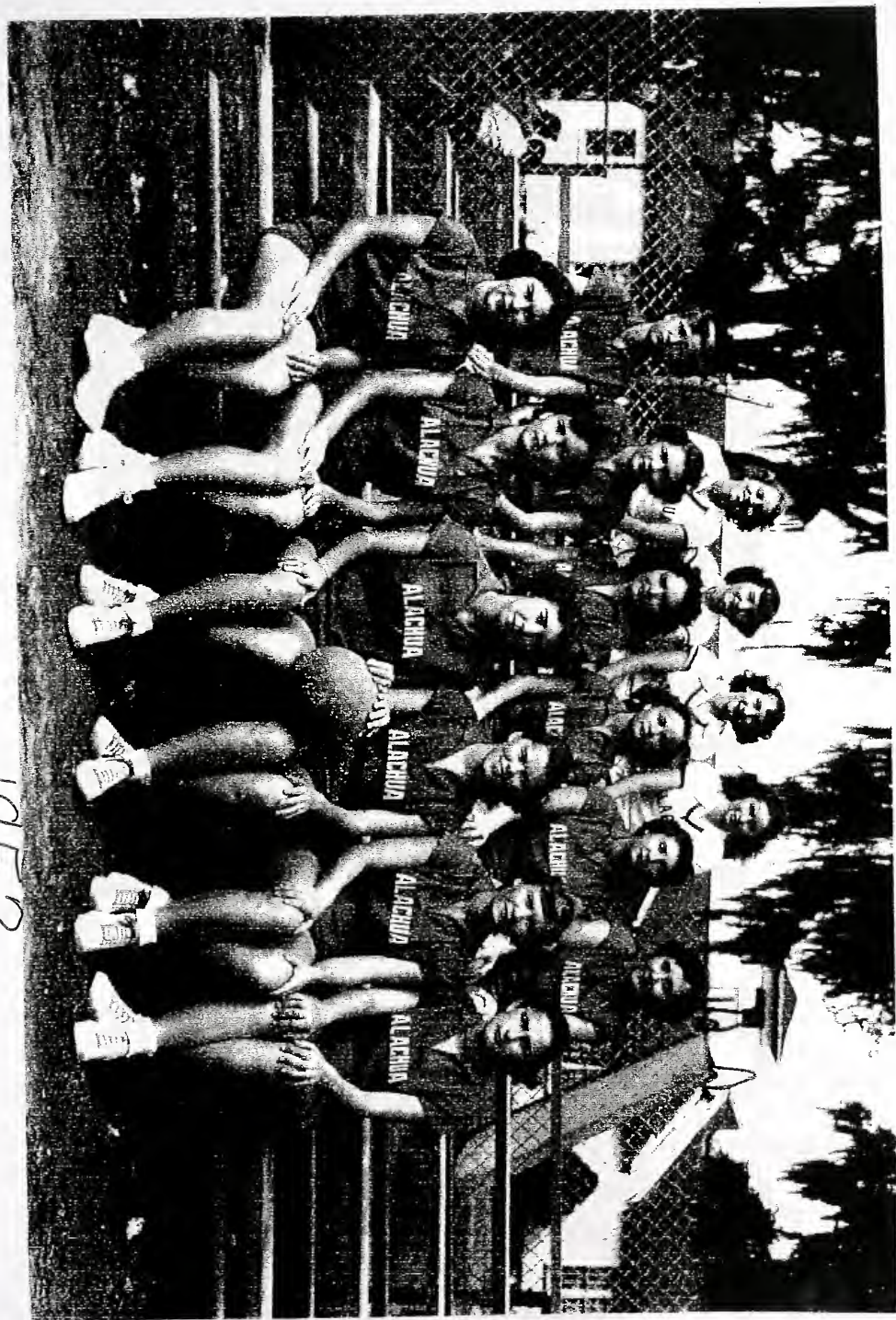
AHS had wonderful sports teams which we all enjoyed. Mr. Cates worked all of hard that were in the drill team. We performed at half time during homecoming. Class plays, Student Council, Skit Night, Chicken and Rice Suppers to raise money, attending State Fair in Tampa, Class Plays, Junior Senior Banquets, and all the other things that we participated in were such a wonderful part of our education.

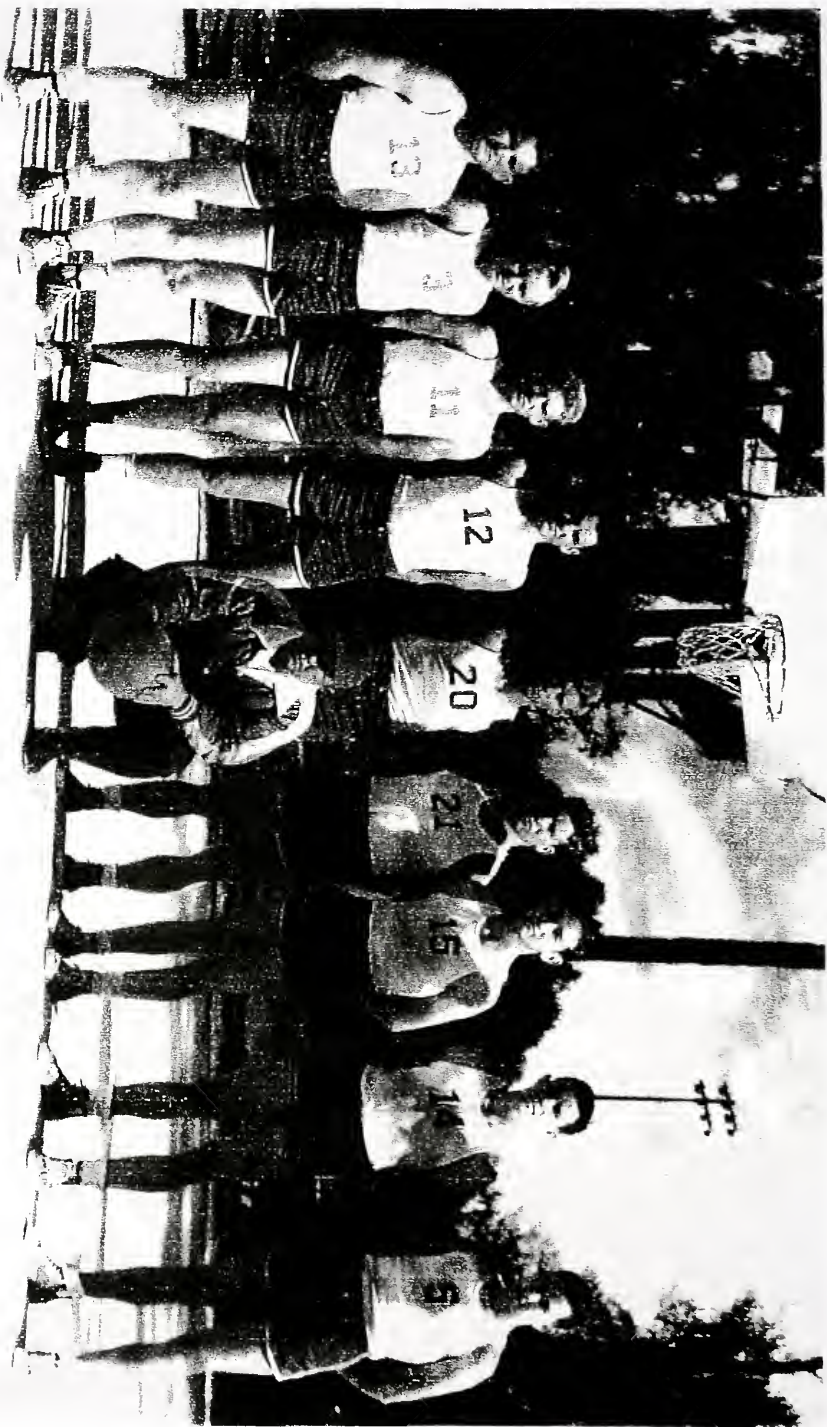
Our high school chorus and band was directed by Carolyn Vidal Tyner and then George Paugh. We won honors and sang with the U of F chorus for the Christmas Cantata. I remember so well our trip to Florida State Prison. It was quite an awakening to see the women that were at that time imprisoned at Raiford. Those were some very harden women!

I was editor of the school newspaper "The Smoke Signal", president of FHA chapter and any other thing that I could do to help.

We went to New Orleans on our Senior Trip. Mother and Nina Mae Harrison were our chaperones. We got home late Thursday and graduated on Friday night. I remember as we were lined up down the hall of the elementary building, all the girls were crying as if we would never see each other again. This has proven not to be the case. We have had reunions every five years since graduation and since we celebrated our 50th year we have gathered each year. For the last ten years the ones of us that live close enough have gathered monthly and had a wonderful time growing old together. Many of us have lost our mates and of the thirty four that graduated in 1952 the following have died, Delano Waters, Larry Pope, Carl Emery, Eva Thomas Williams, Louise Leggett Longerbeam, Ronnie Taylor, Dwight Cullen, Mary Yvonne Dampier Bass, Jack Copeland, Jr. and Evelyn Witt Tyson. I want to thank everyone that made our days at AHS so special. Living in this small rural area was I think one of the biggest pluses for us to become the citizens that we all have. Many of our children and grand children are now in school systems here in Alachua that would not have afforded us the experience of being a "small closely knitted group of children." Thank you to each and everyone that made our SCHOOL DAYS AT ALACHUA HIGH SCHOOL such a success story.

1952





1952

Memories of A.H.S.
by Rebecca Thomas Spires
1950 - 1953

I started attending Alachua High School in the 9th grade, school years 1950-1953. I had previously attended grades one through eighth at LaCrosse Elementary/Jr. High School. It was a big deal to go to a LARGE high school! (We only had thirty one (31) in my graduating class).

The teachers that I remember most were Miss Bernice Dew and Miss Pat Robarts. When Miss Dew held up that finger, we knew to settle down and pay attention. Also, Mrs. Evelina Cates, the lady that tried to teach me how to sew, and lastly our librarian, Mrs. Jessie Johnson.

I loved sports and tried to take part in all that was offered; like volleyball, basketball, softball and track. Sports and chorus were my favorite classes. I guess they were easier than the other classes offered and I would be able to make better grades. It wasn't hard to get on any of the teams if you were coordinated and knew

anything about the main sports that were preferred, you would be accepted. One thing that stands out in my mind was when we had a big Alachua County meet at P.K. Young High School in Gainesville. We competed in such sports as relays (Potato and shuttle), sack race, softball accuracy pitch, jumps (High and broad), 50 yard dash, etc.

In band and chorus we had Mr. Paugh as our teacher. I remember us putting on an operetta, "The Golden Trail". I don't remember who was the leader of our Jr. Class play, "Strictly Formal", but we always had fun trying to perform.

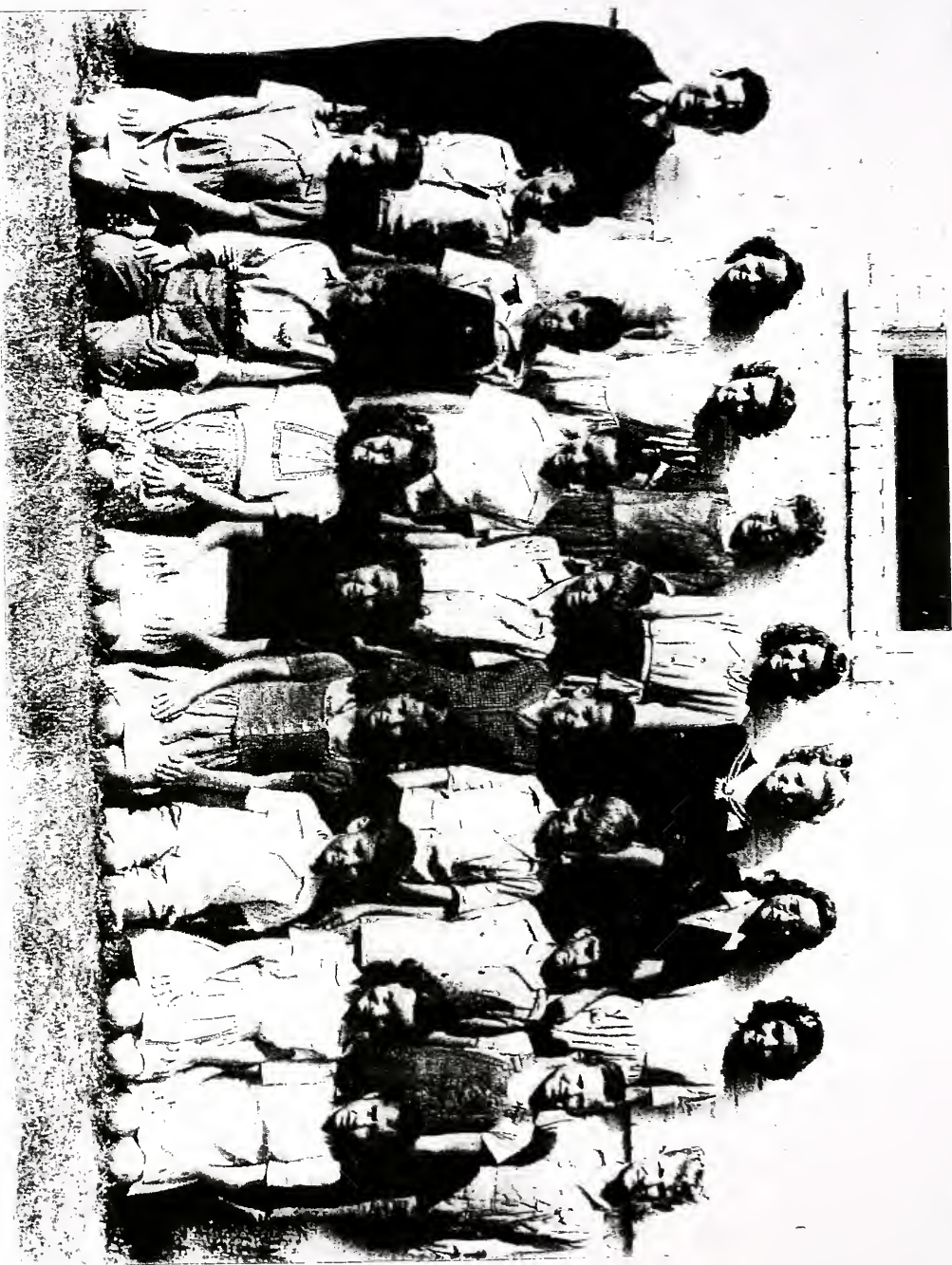
I believe it was Wilda Lee Welch that suggested that I become a majorette. So my Jr. year I did just that and became a majorette. My sister, Mary Thomas Towers made my uniform and I thought it was beautiful. (White and green satin). The majorettes were Bobbie Jean Welch, Dell Roberts, Josette Rourke, Phoebe Duke, Emma Hitchcock and Rebecca Thomas.

My Senior year I became a cheerleader and my sister, Mary Thomas Towers, made my cheerleading uniform and did another

great job. It was a green vest and skirt with a white blouse. The cheerleaders were Clara Nell Waters, Captain, Sandra Rooks, Carolyn Harrison, Rebecca Thomas, Mable Doke, June Malphurs and JoAnn Fugate.

Our Senior trip in 1953 was to several places in Florida. The Florida Caverns, Weekiwachee Springs, Tarpon Springs, the Sunken Gardens in St. Petersburg and we ended up in Daytona Beach. I could ramble on, but I have covered a good bit of our four years at A.H.S. My memories are ALL good and this was a fun time of my life. This was "The Good Ole Days".





LACROSSE SCHOOL

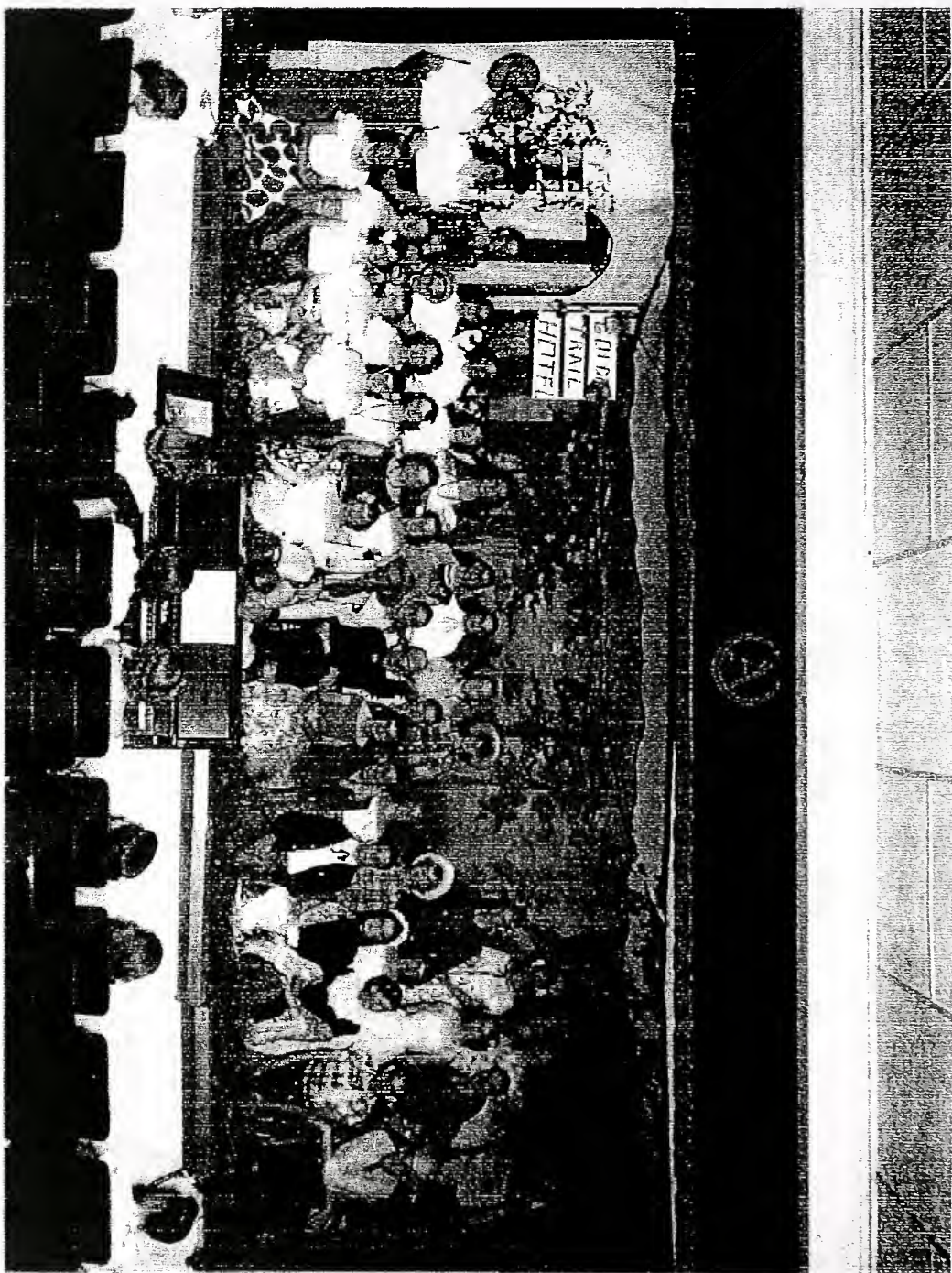
LaCrosse School
LaCrosse, Florida

Members of the LaCrosse School as shown in the picture above:

Back row: (left to right) Ruth Clemmons, Laverne Nettles, Rebecca Thomas, Betty Ruth Rogers, JoAnne Parrish, Clara Smith, Jeanette Thomas.

Middle row: James Richerson (teacher), Herman Thomas, James Anderson, Donald Thomas, Bobby Harris, Charney Thomas, J. W. Crews, Edward Gann, Jimmy Dampier, J. O. Crews.

Front row: Minnie Lee Thomas, Billy Martin, Shirley Moody, Clifflin Clemmons, Willadean Wilson, Sonny Hunter, Joan Thomas, Mary Chapman.

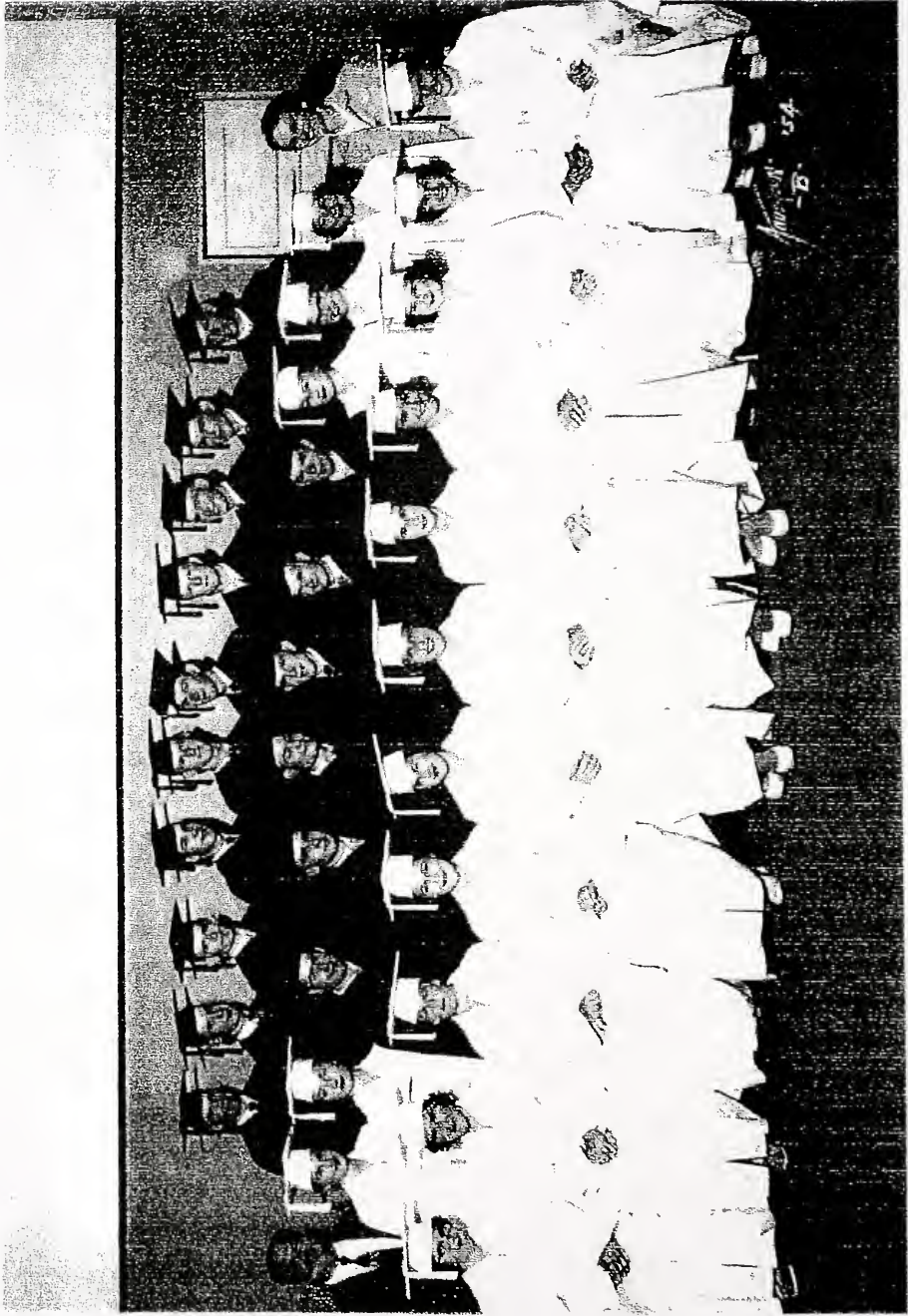


THE GOLDEN ERA - OPERETTA

9

9

9



SENIOR CLASS OF 1954

Alachua High School Memories
B. Quinn Waters, Class of 1954

The first thoughts that came to mind as I tried to recall my days at Alachua High School were not related to obtaining an education. This likely explains the extreme challenge I faced during my freshman year in college. During high school I was preoccupied with football, extracurricular activities, some mischief, and girls, not necessarily in that order. Speaking of girls, Lanelle and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary this past January. In the interest of celebrating a 51st, I will dispense with any details of my dating activities during high school. By the way, Lanelle wants me to mention that the best grades I ever got in my life were achieved after I married her.

The late Bobby Harris told this story on himself, and I know he would want one of us to tell it for him. One day after football practice, he was driving home in an old Ford that had a throttle on the steering column. The engine starting misfiring and Bobby didn't want to take the time to stop and fix it. He thought he could set the throttle, stand out on the running board, lift the hood, and finker with the engine while steering with one hand. Well, somewhere along the way he started paying more attention to fixing the engine than to where he was steering, and he drove off the road and into a pond. Having ridden in a car with Bobby many times, I have no doubt that the story is true!

I suppose I should admit to some educational benefits related to attending high school. The industrial arts class comes to mind, because I frequently still use the wooden serving tray that I made in that class. I also learned a bit about safety with power tools. I have only a few, but I love woodworking, as long as the project is not too complex.

By contrast, I must say I have yet to find a use for the skills I was taught in FFA class, especially the year we went to a farm somewhere out near Bland and spent the day learning to plow behind a mule. Some time later, we did move up to a tractor and planted corn on some land just west of where Santa Fe High School is presently located.

There is little doubt that the class in business math showed me where my strength lies. In fact, a similar class during my freshman year in college sort of "sealed the deal" and led me to an accounting degree and the forty-four year career in public accounting that followed.

Typing class proved most useful. I never was a good typist (short, clumsy fingers), but the fact that I had high school typing got me into clerk typist school in the army. In turn, that landed me a job as a clerk in a Research & Development outfit. While the rest of the guys in my company were dragging new experimental rifles and machine guns through the mud (mud trenches prepared just for this purpose) to see if they would still fire, I was back at headquarters serving coffee to the officers, and occasionally doing a little typing and filing.

The bell tower caper seems a story worth telling (I'm trusting that the statute of limitations ran out years ago). Sometime during the early '50s there was a student who lived a few miles outside of town, and from time to time he would spend the night with one of his town friends. On one such occasion, we (uh...I mean they) decided it was time to climb the bell tower and, of course, ring the bell. So, late one night they slipped out and made their way up the hill. As they suspected, it was not hard to find a window that could be opened. After climbing all the way to the top of the tower, it seemed a waste to simply ring the bell once, so they rang it many times. In fact, they rang it until they saw Bob Owens approaching the school in his police car. They assumed he would never climb the tower, but that conclusion proved to be very wrong. When they heard him climbing the tower, they knew the only chance of escape was to go out on the roof, slide out as far as possible, and hide in the shadows. Fortunately, it was a dark night. After what seemed a very long time, "the law" gave up peering into the darkness and climbed back down and drove away. At that point, the adventurers made a quiet exit. Moving as quietly as possible, they returned to the safety of the bed they had left earlier. That had certainly been enough excitement for one night.

"The Golden Trail" was the only operetta I recall being presented by the students, and it involved members of all the high school classes. According to one of my collaborators, singing parts were performed by Larry Waters, Delano Waters and Ralph Cellon (surely some of the girls had solos, but they were not identified by my source). This presentation was during the 1950-1951 school year. Fortunately for the audience, I did not have a singing part. I did get to wear a coonskin cap and carry a shotgun. I think I even fired a blank that supposedly severed the rope that was being used to hang one of the characters in the story.

"You Can't Kiss Caroline" was the name of our senior play. Well, I felt it my duty to protect the girl with the role of Caroline from some of the boys in the class, so did my best to secure the role necessary to accomplish that objective. Claire (a/k/a Mable Claire) Ellington seems to have most of the information about this production, so I told her I would leave the "telling" to her.

Being on the football team in the early '50s had its good and bad points, especially for someone like me. I clearly wasn't a Tim Tebow. At the beginning of practice in August, we had 25 or 30 show up for the team. However, by the time the first game rolled around we were down to a squad of about 17 guys. The positive was that everyone got to play. The most memorable game was our game in the fall of 1953 with High Springs. We won, and that was the last time either team won. During the next two years, each High Springs game ended in a tie, and of course the class of 1956 was the last class to graduate from Alachua High School. That 1953 game was hotly contested and had a 45-minute stoppage, during which the High Springs folks argued that we had used an illegal double pass. However, the facts were that Hal Cauthen, the quarterback, threw a lateral to Tommy Hines, who threw a perfect spiral to Ronnie Emerson for the winning touchdown. According to Hal Cauthen's memories of the game, there were several other plays in which we scored, but those plays were voided by penalties. One other member of the squad was asked to recall his memories of the game. His response was "Sorry I can't remember any of this. It's hard to recall what happened from the bench."

Our senior trip was a couple of days at Daytona Beach. I managed to stay out of trouble, and I'm sure that was largely due to the fact that my mother came along on the trip as one of the chaperones. The most outlandish thing I did was to stay up all night, and that was at the hotel swimming pool.

I might not have made it to graduation if not for my guardian angel on one particular morning during my senior year. I drove to school in a '41 Ford, and that morning I stopped as usual and picked up Hal Cauthen. We both lived right on 441 and Hal's house was about four miles from town. We crossed the railroad overpass, and just as we approached the top of the next hill, a flat bed truck pulled out from the Duke family's lumber mill. The truck was fully loaded and moving very slowly. I hit the brake peddle, but it went to the floor; apparently all the brake fluid had leaked out as we drove into town. I don't recall why the ditch was not an option, but at the time it seemed unacceptable even though there was some oncoming traffic. I have never seen Hal move so quickly, but as fast as you could say "jack rabbit" he was on the floor. As soon as the oncoming traffic cleared, I swerved into the left lane, and as I did, the hood of my old Ford passed under the back end of the truck. We coasted down the hill and finally made it to the grass parking area west of the school's main building. We must have sat there for 15 or 20 minutes without saying a word. Our legs would not move and we were both as white as a sheet. That may be when his red hair first started to change color. I recently asked Hal if I had his permission to identify him in the story. He agreed and said he only "vaguely recalls the incident." Well, he only vaguely recalls the incident because he had wisely moved to the floor, where he could not see how close the bed of that lumber truck came to the windshield, especially on the passenger side of the car.

I'll end this trip down memory lane with a paraphrase of Garrison Keillor's standard closing to the Lake Wobegon portion of his "Prairie Home Companion" radio program: I remember high school as a time when all the girls were good looking and got good grades, and the boys were more interested in sports, girls, and mischief, but we all turned out above average.

Alachua High Memories

by Hurt Newman - Class of '54

Early on a school morning, Mr. Cates called a friend and I to his office to discuss an event that had taken place at High Springs School that involved green paint. With innocent faces we stated that we had no knowledge of green paint. It was only then that we noticed the green paint on our shoes. We knew we were caught.

A group of Future Farmers were doing some work for the teacher using his truck. Being known for my good driving skills, I was doing the driving. Heading back to class we noticed a small fire in the bed of the truck. The fire was soon put out but as soon as we got back to school my "Friends" quickly left the scene of the crime and left me holding the steering wheel and also receiving a good paddling, once inside. After the teacher finished I "Thanked him very much". He really looked awfully tired.

I have many good memories of events and people during my years at A.H.S. None more important than the help and understanding of

my teachers while working with a difficult student. Certainly none more understanding than Mr. Cates. But no one had a more positive influence on my life..past, present or future than Coach Irby. Thanks for the fishing trips!!

AHS Memories

by Joy Halbrook Elrod

Class of '54

Because I lived in Santa Fe I was zoned to the school in Alachua instead of LaCrosse, so I started first grade in Alachua with the same group I graduated with. Of my elementary teachers, Miss Lucille Ellis stands out in my memory. Her passion was teaching children. She taught us the meaning of RESPECT and the love of reading.

I believe Mr. Cates, our high school principal, really tried to introduce us to many different experiences outside of school as well as experiences within the school system. He wanted to bring our school and students to the attention of the community and state. I really enjoyed going to Jacksonville with our chorus to sing on TV. Say wonderful BLACK and WHITE television like it was back then. That was a great opportunity for our little Alachua High. Some of our girls even sang solos. Afterwards we went to eat at the famous Lobster House located on the St. John's River near the Main Street Bridge. This was a five star place and really big time for us.

Mr. Cates wanted to have Alachua High Band march in the Gator Growl Homecoming Parade and so we did. These were very special times for us.

And certainly no one could ever forget Miss. Dew. She was the little, thin, white haired teacher who would write the assignment on the chalk board and then sing or hum "Work, For the Night is Coming".

I can truly say I loved my days at Alachua High School. As I look back on those days I have so many wonderful memories.

Alachua High School Experiences

A day in February 1948 was a life changing day for the Orin "George" Holloway family as we moved from Gainesville to Alachua. There were many changes as we entered a new school, new church and made new friends. There was a new school and principal, Mr. J. Donald Cates and many new teachers such as Mrs. Bonnie Robarts, Mrs. M.A.Pettit, Miss Pat Robarts and Mr. Billy Irby and many new friends.

Other things were different. I went from selling boiled peanuts on the streets of Gainesville to delivering newspapers in Alachua.

In Alachua High School each class had the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag each day along with a small portion of scripture reading from the Bible. Our flag symbolizes national independence and popular sovereignty of the individual. Our flag also symbolizes all that we hold dear....God, home, country and freedom. Our Bible teaches us of the sovereignty of God; that God is our Creator; and Jesus, His Son, is our Saviour. His Word is our guide.

In the 12th grade we had to take a class in Social Studies. In this study we were introduced to the theory of evolution. This theory teaches that man came from an amoeba, a one cell protozoa that evolved into a fish, that evolved into a monkey, that evolved into a man. I disagreed with this teaching. I was able to show from the Bible how man was created. We could take our Bible to school in those days. The teacher never convinced me that my ancestors came from a monkey and I was never able to convince him his didn't.

This was my first experience with this theory and it is just a theory. But it wasn't the last time I would be confronted with this theory. I came across it again in college as well as some churches where I have been pastor during the last 54 years as a Baptist Minister.

As I look back, that experience in Social Studies class was a

class that strengthen my faith in the Bible. The Genesis account of man is the only possible basis for our understanding the human soul. Man, made out of the dust of the ground and created on the same day with the highest group of animals was made in the image of God.

I am thankful for a Bible that teaches us how man was created.

Wescoat Holloway
Class of 1954

A.H.S. Memories

Joan Thomas Ohler

Class of 1954

School days at Alachua High are very pleasant memories. It was a carefree time in my life filled with fun and friends. A time when the only responsibility was paying attention in class and passing the test.

Making the team in Basketball, Volley Ball, soft ball and track, competing against other schools and earning that famous letter A was great. It was also great participating in the Gator Homecoming Parades, Operettas, class plays, Little Women, National Honor Society and Girl's State.

I do remember an occasion when several of "The Boys" were not paying attention to Coach Williams while he was trying to teach a Civics class. To get their attention he threw the blackboard eraser at them..the eraser missed them completely and sailed out the open window and hit Mrs. Johnson on her head as she was on her way into the building. She came storming up those stairs to find the culprits!

A memorable experience was a class trip to Jacksonville to the Florida Theater to see the live stage production of South Pacific starring Mary Martin. Afterwards we had dinner at the famous Lobster House.

Most of all we had wonderful teachers who were genuinely dedicated to our learning. I feel blessed and privileged to have attended the "Ole" Green and White A-L-A-C-H-U-A !!



Little Women's Banquet - 1954

My Years at Alachua Elementary/High School

Mable Claire Doke Ellington

Class of 1954

I attended Alachua High/Elementary School for all 12 years of my of my earlier education. Thank goodness it only took 12 years. Chemistry and Mr. Bob Stevens almost made me take 13 years. Of course, always blame the teacher if you can't do something everybody else can do. I did learn how to make hot chocolate in chemistry and that you could run from the high school building to downtown Alachua in a minute. Not me of course, but someone who could really run.

The 12 years that I spent there were some of the most wonderful years of my life! We were so removed from reality that World War II didn't worry me at all. If it had not been for the fact that several of my brothers-in law were in the war I probably wouldn't have known about it until I was a lot older. I have said that living in our little community was like being raised in cotton batting. Most of us were poor but we didn't realize it because most of us were in the same boat. We had the things that really counted: the love of our parents, friends, good teachers and a belief in God that was instilled in us by our teachers and parents. We had Bible reading and pledged to the flag every morning and nobody worried about "In God We Trust" being on our money.

I am certainly thankful to have been the youngest in my family because none of my family was around to tell Daddy that I got a spanking in the 1st grade for being out of my chair when Mrs. Cauthen came back into the room. She threatened us when she left the room to make the long trek to the other end of the elementary building where the only bathrooms were. Of course we had no idea where she was

going at the time.

The year I was in first grade, 1941, was the first year we had a cafeteria. Up until that time everyone had to bring their lunch from home and the "Town" students went home for lunch. I don't know what grade I was in when I noticed how the cafeteria ladies made "Butter". It really wasn't butter at all, but rather some lard looking substance to which they added a small amount of bright orange coloring to make the stuff look like butter. I suppose the reason I remember it so vividly is that I had watched my mother make real butter at home so many times. The other thing I remember about eating in the cafeteria is those English Peas that had the consistency of green marbles. Mrs. Stanley worked in the cafeteria and her husband grew English Peas. He let the cafeteria have all the peas from the second harvest that they could pick. Now most of you know about the second harvest. Not too good.

I managed to get through the 2nd grade with Mrs. Moree and 3rd grade with Miss Mae Vaughn without getting into trouble. However, in 4th grade Mrs. English caught me chewing gum and I got another spanking.

How I managed to escape getting a spanking from Miss Ellis I will never know. Maybe it was because we had heard she was really mean and I tried hard not to attract any attention. I kinda think her bark was worse than her bite and her bark was pretty loud. However, I still remember that awful math workbook. It was tan and must have had a gazillion pages of nothing but drill, drill, drill. After she said that we had to finish it in order to pass 5th grade I spent some nights with some math savvy friends and managed to finish the @\$ book. Come to think of it I believe the math workbook I had for Math 101 was tan also.

I loved 6th grade with "Miss Bonnie" Robarts. Her favorite subjects were reading and social studies, as are mine. She called me "Wiggle Tale" and said that 6th grade girls were going up "Giggle Mountain" and we were at the very top! It was while we were in 6th grade that Herbert Geeting, and Wescoat and Judy Holloway moved to Alachua and became members of our class.

Finally we were in the "Big Building". We got to change classes and everything just like the high school students. We had Mrs. Marion Pettit as our homeroom teacher and our math teacher. She was very good and I managed to pass math. Miss Dew's sister, Zell, would substitute sometimes. She was just the opposite of Miss Bernice in disposition as well as size. I remember when she would try to get us to finish our work she would say "Work, work, for the night is coming".

Changing classes and running up and down stairs soon got old and so we passed through our first year in the "Big Building". Eighth grade brought many new experiences and several new students from LaCrosse. Joan Thomas, Bobby Harris, Mary Chapman, Jimmy Dampier, Herman Thomas, Minnie Lee Thomas and Sonny Hunter joined our happy band. Mr. Bob Stevens was our homeroom teacher, Miss Pat Robarts tried to teach us History and English, Mrs. Cates was Home Economics, Mr. Wainright was shop, Miss Elder was the girls coach, Mr. Bill Irby was boys coach and Mr. Paugh was the new band instructor. It was a great year !

Does anyone remember that at the end of the school year all the bus drivers would take us on a trip? My bus driver was Mr. Lem Bryant and I'm surprised that he would let me go on the trips because he had to wait for me to get to the bus many mornings. If I could get to the corner of the dirt road where he could see me he would wait. That morning run is

probably what kept me from gaining weight while I was in high school. Anyway, our bus trip was usually to Daytona Beach. The trip I remember is the one when Quinn Waters got so blistered that before we got home he had horrible water blisters all over his back. We learned that day that even if you were born in Florida you could get too much sun.

Ninth grade was also full of many things we were finally allowed to be a part of. I became a member of the F.H.A. which meant we could go to the Tampa Fair(Great fun even if we nearly froze), we could attend the Little Woman's Banquet, have a skit for Skit Night, have the traditional Sophomore-Freshman party and our little A.H.S. band marched in the U. of F. Homecoming parade in Gainesville. We were finally Big Time!!

However, the most important thing about the year for me personally was to be chosen as the cheerleader from our 9th grade class. Being a cheerleader was perhaps the thing that brought me the greatest pleasure of my high school years. Now I don't know how cheerleaders were selected at other schools but I'm sure that it wasn't like we were selected. I didn't have to try out or have lots of money or even an A average. The football team met and selected the girls they wanted to be cheerleaders and that was fine by me. Mr. Cates took the cheerleaders on a trip every year which was an added bonus. Over the next three years we were taken to see the Ice Follies in Jacksonville, Bok Tower and Cypress Gardens and my senior year we went on a tour of South West Florida (Tampa area). That trip we even got to spend the night away from home.

Tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades seemed to fly by. We had so many wonderful experiences that it's hard to remember them all and somewhere, wedged in between all the fun things, we managed to get an education. Carolyn Harrison

and Joe Fugate became members of our class during the tenth grade. We had some really great teachers who did their best to get us to sit still and behave long enough to be taught a few things. "Miss" Jessie Johnson had us reading Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare. She made us all memorize a passage and we had to get up before our classmates and recite them. I only remember mine which was "I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman". I would love to repeat that line to some of our senators today. Miss Pat Roberts taught History and of course I love History so I did very well. I didn't fare so well with Mr. Stevens and Geometry as I just couldn't get into how tall a pine tree is if you know how long the shadow is. I barely squeaked by, but pass is pass.

Our senior year seemed as if we were going from one thing to another as fast as we could. Mrs. Cates was our homeroom teacher and Mr. Stevens was our annual advisor. (We didn't have an annual that year). As I read my autobiography which Mr. Cates and Mrs. Jessie Johnson had us write, it is really interesting to see what we thought was a lot of money. Our class made a whopping \$60.00 dollars from a "Very successful" Senior Supper. No wonder we didn't have enough for all of us to go on our dreamed of trip to New Orleans. Instead we took a tour of Florida on a "Big Yellow" school bus. Oh well, we had a good time even if my mother did go as a chaperon (She watched me like a hawk).

Our basketball team made it to the tournaments in Williston. The cheerleaders got to go but we must not have been much help as we lost the game. However, two weeks later we played High Springs at a tournament in Lake Butler and we won. Once again the cheerleaders got to ride the bus with the basketball team. Mr. Stanley was the bus driver and he took his job of keeping us safe very seriously. At every

railroad crossing he would stop, open the door and look both ways. After about the third crossing, Ralph Wilson, Jr. called out, "Mr Stanley, would you like for me to get out and smell up and down the tracks"? We all had a good laugh and Mr. Stanley continued on the way. The next railroad crossing he did it all over again.

The chorus sang some great songs at the Cattleman's Banquet, we had the Little Woman's Banquet, and our senior play, "You Can't Kiss Caroline". The whole play was set in a soda shop and I played the part of the old lady who owned the shop. Caroline Harrison played Caroline, Quinn Waters played Joe and Joe Fugate had the part of Johnnie. The only reason I know who played which character is that I still have the book. I had to say the names of all the ice cream I had for sale and one was pistachio which I had never heard of. None of us could even pronounce the word until Mrs. Cates told us. I think it's ironic that that just happens to be my husband's favorite ice cream.

All in all, my years at Alachua High School were fantastic years. If I had the opportunity to do them over there are very few things I would change. I really believe that the high schools of today are much too large. If the students of today could attend schools with a smaller student body they would have a better chance of participating in more activities and perhaps not feel the need to belong to a gang in order to "Be Somebody". As it is, today you just about have to be either a genius to be in an academic organization or a super athlete to be allowed to be on the football team or any other sports orientated group. Young people today can get lost in the crowd and don't have the chance to excel at anything. I only wish everyone had the opportunity to go to such a place as Alachua High School. It was almost like the mythical Camelot.



Alachua High Cheerleaders
1954



1954 ~ Senior Play "You Can't Kiss Caroline"

Those of you who had Mr. Cates, our Principal, as home room teacher your Senior year, like me probably had to write an autobiography. Turns out, I still have mine. In fact, one of my granddaughters, Halle, my namesake, who's 11, was reading it just the other day. She was fascinated, not only by the tales of what we did back in those days, but also by the realization that it was true -- we had no color TVs, no cell phones, no computers, no emails, no texting, no MP3 players, none of the electronics that so rule our lives today.

What we had was each other.

Anyway, below you'll find a couple of extracts from my autobiography. Hope they bring back fond memories....

Soon the year drew to a close. Excited, we waited for report cards to see if we had passed for the next year we could enter the seventh grade. And when again it drew close to the time for school to start I began to look forward to it with a bewildered wonderment. It had seemed so wonderful to be going to school in the high school building three months before, but now the time was here and I guess I was a little bit afraid.

It was the sun that woke me that morning before I started for my first day in the seventh grade -- Junior High, as it was called then. It started at my feet and warmed its way up until its bright beam struck me full in the face. I sat up blinking. Outside the ground was covered with a gleaming sheet of dew that caught the light of the sun and threw it back in a glittering array of brilliance. After I had dressed and eaten I caught the bus to school. Everything that first day was just a blur. People dashed helter-skelter everywhere. Confusion dripped from the walls. A bell rung to go to class. Another bell sounded when it was time to leave it. Still another rang and it was time for another class. How was I going to remember which was which?

After a while I began to understand how things worked. And it wasn't long before I was just another teen-ager. You couldn't tell me from any

of the others. I guess I was a typical teen-ager. I wore blue Jeans and a green school jacket just as most of the other boys did.

Typical Teen-ager



The mail-box was beside the road and the flag was down. Unfastening the catch that held the door, I drew it open and, pushing my hand inside the box, I found the card there. I pulled it out, nervous with excitement, for the card was just what I expected to find. It didn't look like much--just a four by six oblong of a yellowish cardboard--but on it stated that:

FOOTBALL PRACTICE BEGINS IN TWO WEEKS. GET
INTO CONDITION. RUN A LITTLE EVERY DAY. EAT PLENTY OF
VEGETABLES AND DRINK PLENTY OF MILK.
REPORT IN SHAPE.

It was signed by Coach Bill Irby.

I was still reading it when I walked into the kitchen.

"Someone leave you a million dollars?", my Mother asked. I hadn't even

noticed her. I lifted my eyes from the card and, filled with pride, looked at Mother. I gulped and grinned, aid though I didn't realize it, the tone of my voice was a full octave lower that usual when I answered. "Nope, even better than that. I got a card to report to football practice in two weeks. Look Mom, we'll have to start having vegetables and milk from now on."

Mother laughed, "Now listen here, we always have both of those for every meal young man."

I felt my ears burn in a blush. "Oh yes, that's right!"

Spring practice started and I went out for football. After two weeks of night practice, school started with me in the ninth grade. Our first game had me excited even before it began. We were playing in Inverness. In the first quarter we scored three touchdowns with the aid of powerful running by Kenneth Cellon and the swiftness of Jimmy Fitzgerald.



Ralph Cellon, the first string quarterback, was called the plays. Suddenly he dropped back to pass. Spotting no receivers open, he decided to run with the ball. He started around end, eluding one tackler by spinning fiercely, but he was pulled down by another before he could catch his balance. When the man got up Ralph still lay there. Coach ran on the field and finally had to have him carried off.

Coach looked up the bench until he saw me. "Halle, go in for Cellon."

loudly as he was guilty of double dribbling.

A Jasperman sneaked behind the forwards and broke for the basket.

Another grabbed the ball, jumped and fired it down the court. The boy caught it and in one smooth motion tossed it through the hoop just as the buzzer ended the half. A mighty cheer rocked the gym, coming from the Jasper crowd. Jasper was leading at the end of the first half.

When they came back after the half, Alachua began to play ball. Soon the score was tied. When the final gun sounded the score was still tied. That meant an overtime.

In the overtime one of our men fouled out and I was put in his place.

They scored a basket, putting them two points ahead.

We made a free throw.

I was fouled and I made my free throw, tying us up just as the buzzer ended the overtime.

Soon after the second overtime started they made a free basket.

I was fouled again, giving me a chance to tie the score.

I made it!

When that overtime was over, the score was still even. That meant a "sudden death" period. Whichever team scored first won.

The boy gathered the ball in and tossed it to his mate. The boy took the soft pass and dribbled slowly down the court, his eyes searching for an opening. He stopped just outside the foul circle, eyeing the basket.



The crowd went mad as he got set to shoot. He pushed the ball with a smooth easy motion and it ripped the nets, and that was the ball game.

People screamed on one side of the gym, but the silence was thick enough to cut on the other.

The green and white dressed cheerleaders hung their heads.

Alachua had lost.

Our football team accomplished quite a bit that year. We won six and lost three and tied our arch rivals High Springs. I'll tell you something amusing about one of the games.

Eleven young men in sweat-soaked jerseys faced me from across the line. All of them, from the six hefty guys up front, to the safety in the 6-2-2-1 defense they were using were trying rather futilely to stop our trickery. The object of their displeasure was taking place. I stooped to take the quick pass which Robert Taylor, our center, flipped to me from between his legs. I spun with the ball, my back to the line, handing it out to Hines, the left halfback, coming through the narrow opening between the guard and tackle. After I had seemingly passed the ball off to Tommy, I kept an going to the rear, obviously only to get out of traffic. When clear I turned, as if to watch what happened. As I

turned, something brown and smooth seemed to flow from behind my hip. It was gone so quickly that nobody really saw it, least of all the hard charging Trenton Tigers that were so intent on laying hands on Hines.

They should have been watching me.

I brought the ball out of Hines stomach and flipped a lateral pass out to Douglas King who gather it in and set off around end — without a soul seeing him.

Suddenly a whistle sounded.

I turned back from watching Douglas run alone down the field to see what was the matter.

There was a big pile of players at the line of scrimmage and the referee was digging into it frantically. When he reached the bottom he found not the ball, but Hines grinning up at him showing empty hands, then pointing to Douglas standing with the ball halfway down the field.

"I know the kid had the ball," the one ref said to the other referee, who was looking puzzled. "That fake was just too good!", he said.

And you know what, they didn't even give us the down over. We lost the ground Doug had gained, too. No matter, we did go on to win.

We opened basketball season with a game against Chiefland. We played them indoors, on a High Springs court. There was a cheering crowd that answered the referee's whistle. He tossed the ball up, and Melvin Long, our lanky center, jumped high into the air, tapping the ball to me. I took off down the court, dribbling cautiously. A Chiefland defender came out, and I changed hands in the middle of a dribble, stopped and hooked the ball to Ray Harrison. He took the pass, dribbled furiously, rampaging for the basket.

Nobody was open. Ray was a loose limbed phantom sneaking under the backboard, jumping, twisting like a contortionist to bank the shot in.

sky. A weird display of yellow lightning traced cries-crossed patterns across the heavens, and you can see in the brief instant the silhouette of a house, dark except for one spot of light.

You move close, following the shadows and you are thankful for the thick carpet of grass that muffles your footsteps. You reach the corner of the building and press yourself against the wall, hardly daring to breathe. ' The light blazes out of the window, casting its harsh light in a brilliant strip across the lawn. You take your time about making your way to the window, listening to the strange clicking noise coming from inside.

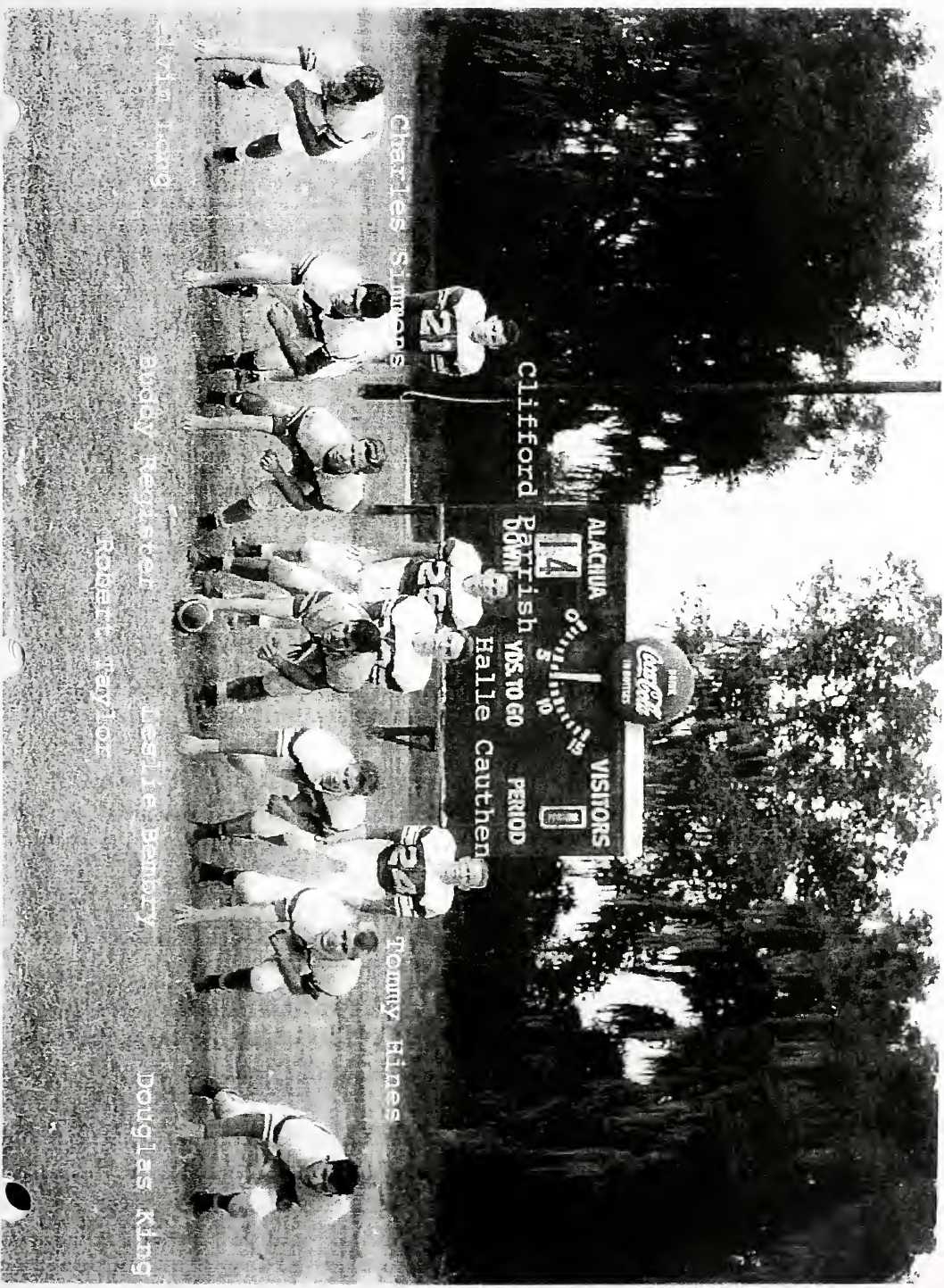


At the window you stop and let out your breath, realizing your chest hurts from holding it. You risk a look in and see a figure hunched 'ever a typewriter, pecking sleepily. His head droops but he shakes himself awake and pulls that piece of paper free of the machine and with a triumphant smile tosses it to the bed right under the window and you manage to make out the words that read:

THE END OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by

Halle Rivers Cauthen



Charles Simmons

Clifford

Buddy Register

Robert Taylor

Leslie Bandy

Douglas King

Tommy Hines

ALACHUA 17
BATHISH 10
VIS 10 GO
PERIOD 1
Coca-Cola
VISITORS
HOME

Alachua High School Memories

by Mary Hamm King

Class of '55

Alachua High School was a special place. Looking back on it from many years post-graduation makes me realize just how special it was. Our teachers were our surrogate parents. We felt secure and protected knowing that the teachers were in charge. Respect for our elders, respect for each other, honesty, decency, civility and love of God and country were concepts that were taken for granted. My children and grandchildren cannot believe it when I tell them that we had lockers that NEVER had locks on them! (I don't know why they were called lockers). We could leave our belongings (wallets, sneakers, watches, sports equipment, even money) in our lockers all day and they would still be there when we returned.

We recited the Pledge of Allegiance, prayers and Bible verses on a daily basis. Social dysfunction such as bullying, profanity, juvenile delinquency, guns in school, vandalism and theft were nonexistent in our world.

As a member of the high school basketball team for four years, my favorite memories at AHS centered around basketball and other sports. We had no gym; our practice court was an outdoor limestone lined court. Anyone who ever played on that court knows how it feels to have skinned knees with limestone embedded in the wounds. I think I still have scars! The basketball court had a steep embankment on the far side, which meant that any loose ball went down that hill and rolled all the way to the football field. We only had one basketball, therefore much time was spent retrieving it.

Memorable teachers to me were Miss Pat (Robarts), Mrs. Johnson, (Librarian), Coach Irby who taught civics, Mr. Stevens, science and teacher, Mrs. Cato, Math, Mrs. Evelena Cates, Home Ec., and Mr.

Wainwright who taught Industrial Arts. I believe that my respect and admiration for all my teachers influenced my decision to become a teacher my self. Our teachers were excellent role models.

Especially memorable to me are my classmates. Many of us began first grade and went through all twelve years together. We became like family. We did not have laptops, cell phones, ipods, dvd players, smart phones or bluetooth. Texting, sexting, instant messaging, voice mail and skype were not to come for a couple of generation, but somehow we made it through and became productive citizens, thanks to our great experiences at Alachua High School.

P.S. I did not put the goats in the principal's office !!!

GOING PLACES, SEEING NEW THINGS

The teachers at our school were wise to realize that all learning does not take place in the classroom. As I look back, I remember that they provided many opportunities for us to go places we had never been before.

On my first class trip we traveled by train. Mrs. Hortense Cauthen was our first grade teacher. Although I lived only a block away from the railroad tracks and saw many trains go by every day, I had never ridden one. Our class left from the train depot in Alachua and rode to the depot at Burnett's Lake a few miles away. Our mothers' had packed lunches for us and we had a picnic and played in the grassy area near the depot until the next train came by and took us back to Alachua.

Another memorable field trip happened in the fifth grade when Miss Lucille Ellis was our teacher. Leaving early one Saturday morning we began a trip that took us to the fort at St. Augustine, the Alligator Farm and Marineland. We also enjoyed seeing the ocean because even though we lived in Florida many in the class didn't get over to the coast very often.

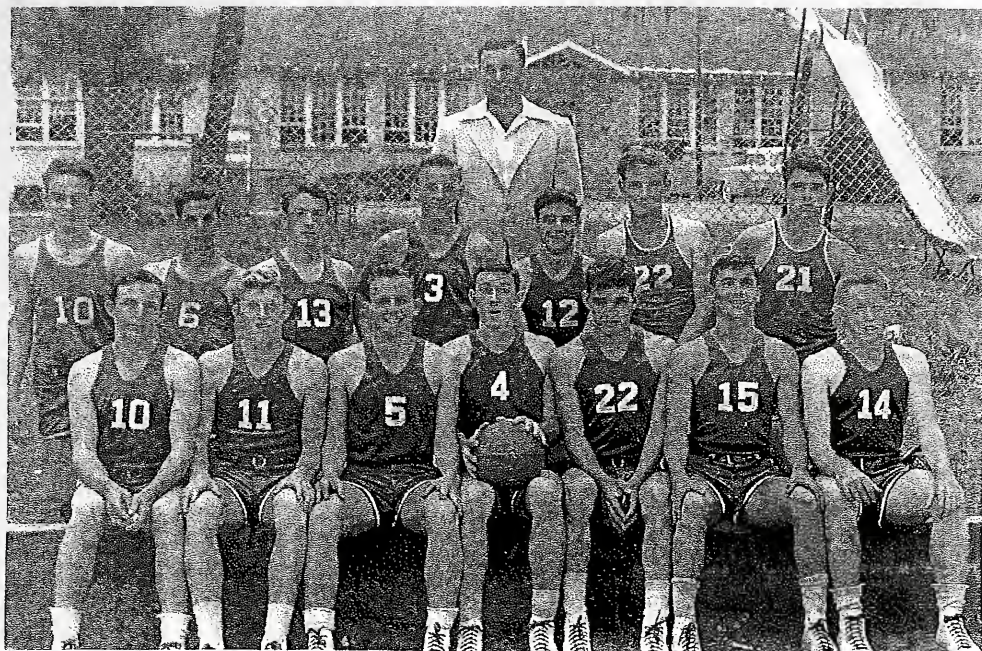
When we reached high school there were many opportunities to go to new places through sports, band, chorus, FFA and FHA. One exciting trip was when our chorus was invited to sing on TV in Jacksonville. After the program we went to the Lobster House and had a very special supper.

Alas, we come to the final field trip. It was our Senior trip to New Orleans. It was exciting riding the roller coaster at Lake Pontchartrain, taking a cruise on a large river boat down the Mississippi, getting a peek at life on Bourbon Street, and eating those delicious beignets in the French Quarter. We were a little subdued on the trip on the way back to Alachua because we realized this was our last field trip together.

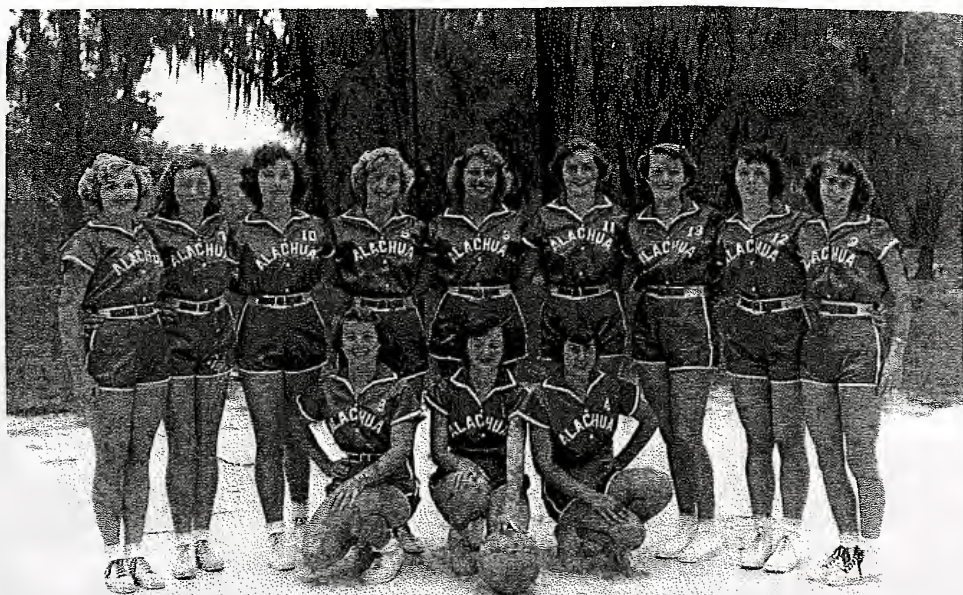
I will always be grateful for those dedicated teachers, chaperones, parents and bus drivers who made those trips possible.

To all my good friends who attended Alachua High School with me, I wish you much joy in learning as you continue to travel to new places.

Sandra Rooks Harrison, Class of '55



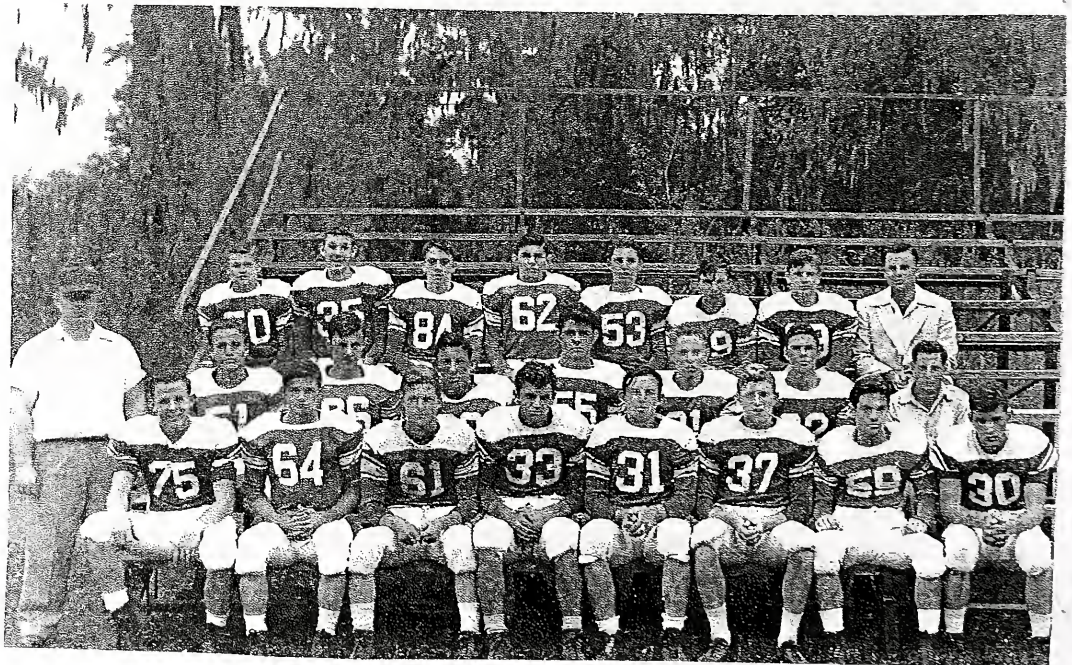
1953 - 1954 BOY'S BASKETBALL TEAM



1953 - 1954 GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM



1953 - 1954 FOOTBALL TEAM



AHS MEMORIES

by Ray Harrison, Jr.

class of '55

The Alachua FFA chapter had a quartet made up of Larry Waters, a senior, Delano Waters and Jack Copeland, both juniors and Ray Harrison, a freshman. Our accompanist was Jean Hester. We won the State Championship Quartet contest that year! I believe it was 1951. After winning the championship we were invited to sing on a local radio station the next day. We went to the radio station and when we started singing we forgot the words at the beginning of the song. We managed to recover enough to finish singing the song but we were laughing so much it made Mr. Cates very upset with us. The second place quartet was from Pahokee and Mel Tillis was in that quartet. I have always had my claim to fame because I out sang Mel Tillis, although I have to admit he did much more with his musical talent than I did. It still is a part of my life that I was proud to be a part of.

BOY SCOUT SHENANIGANS

Contributed by J. Cocke

Mr. W. T. Roberts was the long-time Scout Master of the Alachua Boy Scout Troop. He was also the owner and operator of Roberts Funeral Parlor. At one time the funeral parlor was located in the building now occupied by the Conestoga Restaurant.

Near the front of the building was the office and a room for family and visitors. I don't recall there ever being a funeral service at the funeral parlor. In the rear portion was the embalming room and a large room where caskets were on display. In the rear of the building was an old wooden building where extra caskets and equipment were stored. We were never allowed to go in the embalming room but always had free access to the casket display room.

Although we had our regular meetings in the Scout Hut, the funeral parlor was a regular place for the scouts to gather, sometimes working on merit badges and at other times just hanging out. When new scouts joined the troop, they were subjected to the same ritual every member of the troop had endured. They were ushered into the darkened casket display room amid eerie sounds that would make the fur on a cat's back bristle.

A couple of the older scouts decided to take the ritual one step further and they set the trap to perfection. It was near the end of the school term and time to start planning for our first summer camping trip. Two of the older scouts informed all members of the troop to report to the funeral parlor after school one day so we could start making our plans. When all of the scouts had arrived, one of the perpetrators suggested we go into the casket display room because there was more space. He led the way to the room, opened the door to the darkened room and ushered everyone in. Just as he turned on the lights, a voice came from one of the caskets saying, "please let me out, I'm not dead yet". With that, the perpetrator said, "I'm getting out of here" and ran from the room and out the front door, followed by all of the scouts. That building was completely evacuated in record time. The scene was set when the second perpetrator had arrived early and climbed into one of the caskets.

There were always lots of shenanigans going on at the old Roberts Funeral Parlor when the Boy Scouts were there but not once did I hear an objection from Mr. Roberts. He was a wonderful and dedicated Scout Master.

REUNION COMMITTEES

PLANNING:	Kent Doke J. T. Kirby Mary Colson Mable Claire Ellington
TREASURE AND SECRETARY:	Irene Bryant
REGISTRATION AND NAME TAGS:	Kathy Colson Barbara Doke
LOCATION AND MENU:	Lewis Irby
NOTEBOOK AND PROGRAM:	Mable Claire Ellington Quinn Waters Kent Doke
ADDRESSES:	Mary Colson
DEDICATION PREPARATION:	Nancy Duke Ervin
SOUND:	Lamar Dupree

